

W. W. E. Cunningham

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of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 4

TITHING.*

BY GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, PRESIDENT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

HISTORICAL ASPECT.—Tithing is older than Israel. It was practiced by Abraham, who paid tithes to Melchizedek. Jacob's first contract, after leaving his father's house was with God, with whom he covenanted at Bethuel, saying, "And of all that thou shalt give, I will surely give a tenth unto thee."

Tithing as a law and ordinance was known and practiced and neglected by ancient Israel. Through his prophet, Malachi, the Lord rebuked his people for neglecting the payment of their tithes. Christ recognized the existence of the law of tithing among the Jews, and commended it. Jesus rebuked the Scribes and Pharisees for neglecting judgment, mercy and faith, at the same time declaring they should not leave tithe paying undone (Matt. 23: 23). The law of tithing was known to the Nephites. Tithing is essentially a part of Christian civilization.

THE LAW.

THEOLOGICAL ASPECT.—Tithing is a law of God to men with promises of rewards and punishments. God said to ancient Israel,

* A paper read at the Latter-day Saints Church School Convention, June, 1908.

through Malachi, "Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house." Paul said to the Hebrews, "They that are of the sons of Levi who receive the office of the priesthood have a commandment to take the tithes of the people, according to the law."

Following is the revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith on this subject:

Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the bishop of the Church of Zion.

For the building of mine house, and for the laying of the foundation of Zion, and for the priesthood, and for the debts of the presidency of my Church;

And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people;

And after that, those who have been tithed, shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually; and this shall be a standing law unto them for ever, for my holy priesthood, saith the Lord.

Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus property, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you.

And I say unto you if my people observe not this law to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, behold, verily, I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you;

And this shall be an ensample unto all the stakes of Zion. Even so. Amen.

In the above revelation, the use of the words "require" and "shall" leave no room for doubt that the revelation is mandatory. If tithing were a mere matter of privilege, or ethics, we might expect the use of other terms. Tithing is, first of all, one's surplus; and secondly, one tenth of his income thereafter. There is no room for quibbling on these points.

The law makes no provision for a tithing that is less than



George H. Brimhall.

one-tenth, either in quality or quantity. For an explanation of what one-tenth of one's interest means, we turn to the living oracles—the progressive constitution of the Church, whose decision is that one-tenth of one's interest means one-tenth of one's income. A part of one-tenth of one's income is a part tithing.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.

Through obedience to the law of tithing, we become the financial elect of God, or business partners with the Lord. If it is true that giving to the poor is lending to the Lord, then paying one's tithing is investing with the Lord. Jacob's covenant was a business contract with God. Was it not one of the elements of his business success? Is not the Lord's call to ancient Israel, to test tithing as a business venture, applicable to us as a people?

The words of the Prophet Malachi were of such great importance that Jesus quoted them to the Nephites, declaring them to be the words of the Father, at the same time giving a command that they be written, after which he expounded them to the people on this continent:

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground, neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the fields saith the Lord of Hosts" (Malachi 3: 10, 11. Also Book of Mormon, III Nephi 24: 10, 11).

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

Leaving the temporal blessings, which are not the greatest, we find tithing to be the best insurance against the worst of fires. The Lord declared to the Prophet Joseph that this is a day of tithing for his people, and that he that is tithed, shall not be burned at his coming (Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 64:23.) That burning may be subjective, objective, or both. The Lord said to Israel through Malachi, the prophet, "And all nations shall call you blessed, for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The temple ordinances are placed within the reach of the tithe payer who is otherwise worthy of the blessings of the house of the Lord. While the living of any one law of the gospel adds to one's power to live and enjoy every other law, the living of no one law will secure salvation. Faithful tithe paying makes the humble wage earner and the drawer of large dividends, equal on the Lord's ledger. Each has fulfilled the law; neither has done more. While tithe paying alone is not sufficient to keep a man in the Church, yet he cannot retain his standing to the end without it.

PENALTIES.

Neglect of tithe paying lists a man on God's books as a robber. The Father asks the question, through his Prophet Malachi, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings." Should we not try to so live that in all our getting, neither God nor man can say, Ye robbed me to obtain it? The Lord declared to Joseph Smith, the prophet, the overthrow of those who polluted their inheritances, (Doc. and Cov., sec. 103: 14) We speak of tainted money, is not an untithed inheritance tainted?

To the investigator, be he ever so earnest and desirous to come into the kingdom, rejection of the law of tithing is a bar to his entrance. The Lord declares that the names of such are not to be found on the records of his Church (Doc. and Cov. sec. 85: 3).

To the non-tithe payer, the doors of the Temple are closed, and the privileges of sacred ordinances cut off. On what ground can one claim the right to be trusted with the most sacred spiritual privileges of the kingdom, when he is not true to his trust in material things. How can one claim the blessings of the Temple if he refuses to build and maintain it?

Does not non-tithe-paying unfit a man for partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper? "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself." To be unworthy in this respect is to be conscious of one's conduct not being in harmony with the sacramental prayer, or one's part in the sacred ordinances not being a true representation of one's life. How can a member of the Church who is not willing to pay tithing partake of the bread, in which act he witnesses before God and

men that he is willing to keep the commandments of the Lord Jesus Christ? The sacred covenant entered into is found in the following prayer:

O God, the Eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it; that they may eat in remembrance of the body of thy Son, and witness unto thee, O God the Eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of thy Son, and always remember him, and keep his commandments which he hath given them, that they may always have his Spirit to be with them. Amen.

Where is the worthiness of a non-tithe payer to partake of the water, when in so doing he witnesses unto God in the presence of his fellows that he does always remember the Lord Jesus Christ? Following is the prayer on the water:

O God, the Eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ to bless and sanctify this water to the souls of all who drink of it; that they may do it in remembrance of the blood of thy Son which was shed for them; that they may witness unto thee, O God the Eternal Father, that they do always remember him, that they may have his Spirit to be with them. Amen.

Is not non-tithe paying a serious forgetting of the Lord?

Apostasy is the inevitable end of persistent non-tithe paying. The Lord has declared that those who abide not the law of tithing shall not be found worthy to abide among his Saints. Who can hope to make the Lord a liar?

Formal action of excommunication for non-tithe paying may never come. The man may not be *cut off*, but he will *die out*. The steps of decay are usually these: (1) diminution in payment of tithes; (2) excuse-hunting that does not satisfy the soul; (3) cessation of tithe paying; (4) fault finding concerning the use of tithing one does not pay; (5) laxity in other duties; (6) general indifference concerning Church interests; (7) positive attitude against the work of the Lord. Every one may not go in just this order of retrogression, but the decline is sure and the end is certain. The Lord has declared it, and history has recorded it of individuals and communities.

SOCIOLOGICAL ASPECT.—Tithe paying is the most equitable and natural distribution for public support. Behind it stands the principle enunciated by the Lord Jesus Christ, that "to whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required." Tithing is an

income tax divinely assessed and paid as a free-will offering. The collection is free from all coercion, except such coercion as material, spiritual, social and psychological consequences may impose.

The giving of the surplus on entering the Church, is of the highest sociological value. It is a sort of new financial birth. We all come into the physical world objectively equal. We enter the Church by baptism with equal spiritual privileges before us, each one with what he needs, but no surplus. We are tithed, and enter the Lord's financial realm relatively equal. Jesus evidently wished to impress this upon the young man who boasted of common ownership of moral wealth. Then the Master put him to the test of a financial leveling, a coming to the plane of needs, and this seeker of eternal life refused to be born into that life financially. His surplus owned him, and he went away sorrowing. Compare the system of providing men according to their needs with that of providing them according to their "greeds."

Tithing is a law of perfect financial liberty. Tithing to a believer is a debt of honor, the highest social and individual honor. Debts of honor are the first to be paid. The unsecured creditor is deserving first consideration. Mortgage bond debts are secured by the *not-me*. For debts of honor the *me* is the forfeiture. As a rule, men in the Church who will not pay their tithing, do not pay their debts. Tithe paying begets communitive confidence. False to man, false to God, is true; but no more so than, true to God, true to fellowmen.

I was once approached by a non-"Mormon" gentleman of considerable wealth, who made inquiries concerning the possibility of inducing a certain "Mormon" financier to handle thirty thousand dollars. I expressed the opinion that the person referred to made it a practice to handle his own money only. However, I made inquiries as to the foundation for the unbounded confidence which the stranger expressed in my "Mormon" friend. His reply was,

"First, he is honest. I know this from the fact that he scrupulously pays his tithing. A man who is financially true to his God, whom he has not seen, will be true to his fellowman, whom he has seen.

"Secondly, there is no question as to his financial ability. He has worked his way up."

"Yes," said I, "with the help of the Lord."

I had occasion to discuss "Mormon" finances with a banker who had no religious affiliations with our people. In the course of our conversation, he said,

"It is my experience that, among your people, a faithful tithe payer is a safe man to lend money to."

Another testimony, that of an assessor, is to the effect that honest tithe payers are the most frank in listing their property, and as a class do the least grumbling about taxation.

The paying of tithing prevents the growth of egotism in the giver, and guards against humiliation in the receiver.

"How much tithing have you paid this year?" said a non-believer to his "Mormon" neighbor.

"Two hundred dollars," was the reply.

"You are a fool," said the skeptic; "I shall get more free advertising from the distribution of one beef and a few tons of coal at Christmas time than you will from the entire amount you pay."

Now let us examine the sociological effect on the individuals, in this case. One pays what he considers to be a divinely imposed obligation for the public good, the distribution of which is through what the receiver recognizes as a God-planned system of public benefaction. He is helped, and is grateful to the system and to its Author. He is under obligation to no individual. Man-praise is out of the question. In the other case, help is rendered in such a way as to feed the vanity of the giver, and place the receiver under obligation. Personal honor and praise is inevitable; gratitude for a system impossible.

People who insist upon the distribution of their own tithing are either distrustful of the Lord's agents, or ultra-anxious concerning the getting of glory.

Tithe paying, or the neglect thereof, cannot fail to affect the greatest of all social units, the family. Under the law of heredity, what will be the tendency in offspring where the parents are conscious of not dealing honestly with the Lord? On the other hand, what results may parents look for in the bearing and rearing

of children under the consciousness of being fair and honest in their dealings with their Father in heaven?

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT.—Tithing is a self-imposed obligation by the acceptance of the law.

It is one of the most reliable guarantees against the "greeds."

It prevents one from being owned by the external. The tithe payer owns his property, it does not own him.

Tithe paying is a source of encouragement, in that it makes possible a feeling in each individual of a financial equality before God.

It is a system of developing generosity, unalloyed by vanity.

The persistency of the pressure of tithe paying brings into play ideas, emotions, and activities of fidelity, that give strength to character and endurance of nobility in the ego, or self.

Tithing is one of the progressive activities demanding a living, increasing faith. It is an exercise of the faithfulness of the divine within to the divine without. It tests and trains one's ability to stand at the post of honor with every opportunity to desert it. It builds up an individual acquaintance with God. It brings about a sort of comradeship with Divinity, which fosters a financial faith, and a necessary ideal feeling of ease—not an inactive ease, but an energetic ease.

In the lexicon of the faithful tithe payer, there is no such word as penury. His self-reliance is so reinforced by his reliance on the Lord that his very spiritual, intellectual and financial attitude demands confidence and creates resources.

By the gate, or seeking the welfare of the kingdom, is the only way to eternal possession and increase. Knowing through doing is more than a mere *knowledge of*; it is an *acquaintance with*. It is truth tested, it is light plus warmth. It is intellectual ascent transmuted by action into character fibre. The principle or law of tithing can only be partly known to the learner of the word. To know fully the doctrine, the work must be done.

The law of laws from a Latter-day Saint point of view is stated by the Prophet Joseph Smith as follows:

There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of the world, upon which all blessings are predicated;

And when we obtain any blessing from God it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (Doc. and Cov. sec. 130: 20, 21).

We want blessings.

We want this to continue to be a land of Zion unto us.

We want to be Zion—*the pure in heart*.

We want to succeed as a superior social unit.

We want to prove by our lives that the gospel is a God-made plan to reach the highest joy for man.

We want inheritances with unclouded titles.

We want to maintain a school system that will place us as a community *foremost in education*.

We want to be a city on a hill, a candle on a candlestick, that men seeing our good works may glorify our Father which is in heaven.

We want to make history that will sublimely inspire posterity.

Tithing is one of the laws upon which each of these blessings is predicated.

Provo, Utah.

MY HOME IN THE WEST.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Oh, land of sunshine, land so free,
The dearest spot on earth to me,
The place where first I came to earth,
Where sainted mother gave me birth,
To thee, with pride, I fondly cling.
Though far away at times I roam,
I love thee still, my western home.

O western land, so dear to me,
I love to breathe thine air so free.
From out thy mountains, stored with
snow,

Pure, rippling, sparkling waters flow
Upon the fertile, fruitful plains.
Here fragrant flowers ever bloom,
And orange trees add sweet perfume.

I love thy mountains, rough and high;
Thine atmosphere so pure and dry,
I love thy valleys, hills and plains;
Thy winter's snow and summer rains,
'Tis not for gain, I plight my love;
But for the home thou givest me,
I will in turn be true to thee.

M. A. STEWART.

Mesa, Arizona.

PAGANS, PURITANS AND CHRISTIANS.

BY S. A. KENNER.

Robert G. Ingersoll once said—"Religion is the upas tree in whose shadow the human heart has withered and turned to ashes." This is rather a drastic indictment, to be sure; but in passing judgment upon it and its author, the impartial person will first consider the great agnostic's early training, environment, his broad comprehensiveness and his love of liberty and equal rights. They will find in him a nature which rebelled, even in his early youth, against tyranny, oppression, misrule, and that form of government whose reliance is upon coercion, restriction and superstition. Being compelled to travel in the ruts of tradition, wherein his forbears had walked, and threatened with infinite penalties of a character which was outrageous where it was not absurd, it is no wonder that his advancing manhood, with its accompanying expansion of intellect through observation, study and reflection, brought first objection, then resistance, then antagonism, and finally contempt, a condition



S. A. Kenner.

of things which is very apt to lead one as far from the path of reason one way as his instructors were the other way: and such seem never to know when to stop.

It is an easy matter to understand that all the sayings of the scriptures are not to be taken literally; that allowance must be made in places for peculiar conditions the like of which more modern people have never known, and for styles of expression which have no resemblance in the phraseology of subsequent times. Incongruities and anachronisms have been reconciled and straightened out by the translators, no doubt, in a more or less arbitrary manner, so as to make the flow of a narration correspond as nearly as possible with current methods; and these things, and many others, not taken into account, with the sacred book perused with more of a disposition to discover discrepancies and manifest errors than in a spirit of righteous investigation and a desire to learn by receptive devoutness, is more likely to be productive of unbelief than otherwise. For instance, a person of Ingersoll's bent of mind, reading the account of Joshua ordering the sun and moon to stand still and being obeyed, would (and he did) instantly "fly the track" and scoffingly show how preposterous such a story is, since all educated people know that the sun relatively to us always stands still, and to cause him to be actually fixed (as relates to our vision) at any particular point where he happens to be, even for a moment, would result in the immediate and utter destruction of the earth and all things upon it. Again, the hackneyed story of Jonah and the whale, is brought under animadversion, it being shown by the disbeliever that, in the first place, a whale cannot swallow a man, and in the next place, that if it could and did do so, the man could not live more than a few minutes. In this connection, the children in the fiery furnace do not escape attention, nor do any of the other prominent incidents, the impossibility of which, gauged by scientific standards, constitute the agnostic's stock in trade. The parents and tutors of Ingersoll, and others of his class, made the mistake of supposing that the enforcement of rigid rules and the upholding of undeviating precepts supportive of a strict construction of Holy Writ, by violent means where others were not availing, would produce the desired results. "Just as the twig was bent the tree

inclined" was the accepted axiom, to the exclusion of that which is quite as truthful and much more applicable—"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."

There is a certain percentage of the mule's characteristics in every human being, some, of course, having inherited more of this ingredient than others. It naturally follows that when you try to push, or pull, or force a person in a certain direction he naturally inclines to one which, if not directly opposite, is at least different in some degree, corresponding, of course, to the percentage of the aforesaid ingredients possessed. In nothing is this more marked than when trying to inculcate Christianity. The genuine article comes to the one receiving it, as a result of either inspiration, moral suasion or lofty example, sometimes all three. It never came, and cannot come, by threats, compulsion, or unreasonable precepts; and wherever these are tried a result exactly the reverse of what was sought is very sure to be the product, albeit there may, for the sake of personal safety or advantage, be a hypocritical outward seeming of the desired condition. Hence, irreverence, hence, infidels, so called.

Probably no class of sectarian worshipers was more responsible for driving non-combative, thinking people into disbelief than the "Hard-Shell" Baptists of the first half of the nineteenth century, although each and every one contributed and some are still contributing a full quota through their strict construction and literal interpretation of scripture, accompanied by cast-iron methods of deportment and rank intolerance in dealing with differences of opinion. In these respects they modeled as closely after that band of intollerant people who landed at Plymouth Rock from the ship *Mayflower*, as an advanced civilization and some irreligious laws would permit; in fact, some of the latter's customs descended unimpaired and were practiced with as much pious persistence as the Pilgrim Puritans ever knew how to do. Loud laughter at any time was sinful, but on Sunday was criminal, and had to be especially and categorically atoned for; dancing was regarded as one of Satan's prime agencies, engaged in only by those whose souls were tainted, if not wholly depraved; no music other than those hymns which the sect's hymn-books contained, to be sung without mechanical

accompaniment, was tolerated; theatres, and indeed all such forms of amusement, were even worse than dancing, and constituted the gateway through which poor, lost humanity were hurried to Hades; and so on, *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseam*. Of course, things churchly are not so bad of later years, for reasons above set out, and probably for others.

The foregoing is merely a prelude, a sort of way-paving for the story in chief. My theme relates more particularly to a woman born and raised in the more northerly part of the Southern States, and who, so far as can be learned, was the first person to embrace "Mormonism" in the state of Kentucky. Of course, she was a Baptist—nearly every person was who lived in that section at that time, which was in the early thirties. Being possessed of a strong religious nature and an investigating mind, she was, doubtless, as thoroughgoing a communicant as any, and a much more intelligent one than most, for, while she accepted and lived up to the doctrines of the Baptist church (because it was not only the best but the only thing of the kind available) she was not at any time wholly satisfied with it. It was like a hungry person being given half a meal of partly good and partly bad food. She did not, like the great agnostic, reject all because some portions were objectionable, but preferred to let the latter go for the sake of the former. Meantime, she continued investigating, hoping and praying. She read her Bible with the right spirit prevailing, and what she could not understand weighed not against the full enjoyment of what she could understand. And at last her prayers were answered, her faithfulness was rewarded.

Some years ago Elder Ben E. Rich published a little book entitled *Mr. Durant of Salt Lake City*, and the writer hereof assisted him somewhat in the preparation of its contents. The reason I refer to it here is because the consummation above referred to is worked in as part of the story, names, of course, being changed. It tells of a missionary event of the times spoken of, in the state last named. The gospel had not then reached even the borders of the states remote from the Atlantic, except here and there, and the interiors not at all; but it was beginning to spread, and had at the time to which the story relates, reached a village a few miles south of the Ohio river, being borne thither by

if I am not in error, Elder Rich's father, who later became known to his people as the good Apostle Charles C. Rich. Of course, the time spoken of in the book is not synchronous with the real occurrence, this having been moved forward enough to fit into a more recent period, but with this exception the story is strictly correct. The woman spoken of (some people would say "lady," but I prefer the nobler form of expression) went to hear the new comer, of course, and, at the conclusion of the services, made her way to him and told him he had brought her what she had long waited for, that she knew of her own knowledge that the testimony was true, and asked for immediate baptism, which, of course, was performed. This meant more than a simple statement of the facts so far suggested, for that community of "hard-shells" were not disposed to look with favor upon a withdrawal from their own organization in favor of any other, more particularly the one whose principles had but just been unfolded, such a thing as Christianity clothed in common sense being too much for them.

The new member was possessed of the true spirit. Receiving the gospel and living in accordance with its requirements were but a part of the duties which the true Christian adopts as his plan of action. To number one's self with the Lord's people, to be able to realize that one's calling and election are sure if that plan is unswervingly maintained, is truly a great thing, but not all of greatness that the situation permits. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is an injunction that not even Ingersoll or any of his ilk was ever known to combat. To have stopped with having placed her own feet in the straight and narrow path, would then the full measure of duty, of glorious opportunity, have been gained? Hardly. Learning is not given for the sole purpose of advancing and benefiting the learner, but also in order that he may thereby be in a better position to teach others, and the goodly woman seems to have understood this along with her other understanding. She had a husband and children who were not so religiously inclined. They were not even Baptists. Securing a copy of the Book of Mormon and such other printed matter relating to the Church as was available, she applied herself to the task of making them understand as she understood the great truths placed before them. She read and commented, she quoted and interpreted the

sayings of the good books, she reasoned upon developed facts, and pursued her work with patience, persistence and mildness, never showing discouragement or permitting discontinuance, and finally had the supreme satisfaction of having her husband enter the waters of baptism. The children, several in number, and advancing by stages from accountability to maturity, proved a more difficult task than the other. There were no grandchildren until several years later, and when they did come they proved, as they advanced along life's highway, to be little if any in the way of improvement upon their immediate progenitors; but they, too, were embraced within the sphere of that true Saint's tireless labors.

The family finally drifted up to the neighborhood of Nauvoo, and at the time of the martyrdom of the prophets, the sons, two in number, still remained outside the pale of the Church, but the four daughters had all entered the fold. Being unable to accompany the exiles without leaving part of the family behind, all of them proceeded to a little town in Missouri, on the western bank of the Missouri river, a few miles above where it empties into the Mississippi. Each and every one who came courting these daughters was made to understand that he must make a fair investigation of the doctrine of "Mormonism," even if he did not join the Church, before obtaining the mother's consent to marriage, which all, excepting one, who drifted off to California and was never heard of again, subsequently did, but not till they had come to Utah.

Others, not related, were similarly moved upon and came to the mountains.

In due course of time, the war clouds foretold by the prophet began to gather and lower upon the land, threatening to break full soon. The mother would occasionally remind the stubborn sons and sons-in-law of how accurately the inspired predictions were about to be fulfilled. Before the storm actually burst, two of the families (sons-in-law) sacrificed their homes—everything had to be sacrificed or abandoned at that time—and pulled out for the safe refuge in the valleys of the mountains; the elder son, however, was determined to remain and raise a regiment for the Confederate army. Would he, after all, be left behind? If his fate had been in the hands of some women the question would have to be

answered in the affirmative; but this one was different; and a year or thereabout later, when the last look at the old home was taken from the heights skirting the Missouri side of the river, at a point where the Confederates occasionally appeared and threw shells and solid shot across the big stream with apparently no other object in view than mischievous pastime, the son was with the mother. The remainder of the flock, including the writer of these lines, was there, too, all headed for Zion, which they reached without noteworthy incident in due time.

In the Dixie part of Utah, in an obscure grave, all that is mortal of that thoroughgoing Saint has reposed for many years awaiting the call to come forth and again live in the flesh among the just and upright. Meantime, it is not a flight of fancy, even for one who doesn't claim to know positively, to say, that she is enjoying her reward in the fullest, the only one she ever asked for. Her name is not a matter of so much consequence, but as the story would be deprived of some of its effectiveness if identity were withheld, it is here given: Hannah Foster Kenner. The writer hereof is the oldest son of her oldest son, previously spoken of. It is not without some degree of reluctance that anything relating to the family is placed before the ERA array of readers, realizing by long experience in the journalistic field that incidents that are of the greatest interest to those immediately concerned are not always so to others; but let me entertain the hope that what is herein set out possesses some concern for those who take an interest in the gospel plan, and the means by which it is added upon and extended as time moves along. To the possessor of real faith and genuine integrity, the great truth cannot always remain hidden; and when it comes within such person's radius it acts as a magnet upon particles of metal.

To those who ask for the connection between the exordium and the subsequent portion hereof, let it be said that while each is reasonably complete without reference to the other, conclusions are reached by the conjunction that might not be suggested otherwise. Those who scan sacred things in order that they may find contradictions, materials for doubt and inexact, if not impossible, conditions set out, can easily find them, and by gauging all situations to the material and uninspired method of determination

may find such satisfaction and encouragement as they desire—but oh, how selfish, how narrow they are! You never hear of any Voltaire public institutions, Tom Paine asylums or Ingersoll hospitals, or of any great or far-reaching charity or other work of beneficence that either ever accomplished, although neither was wholly unable financially; they “lived for this world, and if there be another world they will live for that,” as they put it—showing their utter unbelief in, if not contempt for, the other, by entering it as destitute of capital as if they had had no opportunity to acquire any. Whereas the poor woman who held this life to be but a preparatory stage for another, was so filled with love for the Lord’s great family that she even regarded her own salvation as an incomplete thing if it did not embrace the salvation of others, but more particularly those who were given her to take care of and direct in the way they should go. Neither did she leave any institutions of charity nor monuments commemorative of great and noble deeds, except in the memories of all—every one—who ever knew her; but she was poor, much poorer in the world’s goods after the realization of her cherished hopes than before—and therein is the great difference as to that phase of the subject. The difference otherwise has been sufficiently dwelt upon.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

BEDTIME.

BY CAROLYN J. BAILEY.

If you close your two eyes and lie ever so quiet,
Counting them soft and low,
One little, two little, three little sheep—
Down through the pasture they go.
Four little, five little, six and then seven—
Trotting so gray and small,
One little, two little, six, and then seven—
Jumping across the wall;
Some of them faster, but most of them slower,
Eight little, nine little, ten—
Ten little sheep, and you have to stop counting—
I think that you go to sleep then.

Youth's Companion.

SELF-CONTROL.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

IX.—THE REVELATIONS OF RESERVE POWER.

Every individual is a marvel of unknown and unrealized possibilities. Nine-tenths of an iceberg is always below water. Nine-tenths of the possibilities of good and evil of the individual is ever hidden from his sight.

Burns' prayer,—that we might "see ourselves as others see us,"—was weak. The answer could minister only to man's vanity,—it would show him only what others think him to be, not what he is. We should pray to see ourselves as we *are*. But no man could face the radiant revelation of the latent powers and forces within him, underlying the weak, narrow life he is living. He would fall blinded and prostrate as did Moses before the burning bush. Man is not a mechanical music-box wound up by the Creator and set to play a fixed number of prescribed tunes. He is a human harp, with infinite possibilities of unawakened music.

The untold revelations of Nature are in her Reserve Power. Reserve Power is Nature's method of meeting emergencies. Nature is wise and economic. Nature saves energy and effort, and gives only what is absolutely necessary for life and development under any given condition, and when new needs arise Nature always meets them by her Reserve Power.

In animal life Nature reveals this in a million phases. Animals placed in the darkness of the Mammoth Cave gradually have the sense of sight weakened and the senses of smell, touch and hearing intensified. Nature watches over all animals, making their

* From *Self-Control; its Kingship and Majesty*. Copyright 1889 and 1905 by Fleming H. Revell Company.

color harmonize with the general tone of their surroundings to protect them from their enemies. Those arctic animals which in the summer inhabit regions free from snow, turn white when winter comes. In the desert, the lion, the camel and all the desert antelopes have more or less the color of the sand and rocks among which they live. In tropical forests parrots are usually green; turacous, barbets and bee-eaters have a preponderance of green in their plumage. The colors change as the habits of the animals change from generation to generation. Nature, by her Reserve Power, always meets the new needs of animals with new strength, —new harmony with new conditions.

About forty-five years ago three pairs of enterprising rabbits were introduced into Australia. Today, the increase of these six immigrants may be counted by millions. They became a pest to the country. Fortunes have been spent to exterminate them. Wire fences many feet high and thousands of miles long have been built to keep out the invaders. The rabbits had to fight awful odds to live, but they have now outwitted man. They have developed a new nail,—a long nail by which they can retain their hold on the fence while climbing. With this same nail they can burrow six or eight inches under the netting, and thus enter the fields that mean food and life to them. They are now laughing at man. Reserve Power has vitalized for these rabbits latent possibilities because they did not tamely accept their condition, but in their struggle to live learned *how* to live.

In plant life, Nature is constantly revealing Reserve Power. The possibilities of almost infinite color are present in *every* green plant, even in roots and stems. Proper conditions only are needed to reveal them. By obeying Nature's laws man could make leaves as beautifully colored as flowers. The *wild* rose has only a single corolla; but, when cultivated in rich soil, the numerous yellow stamens change into the brilliant red leaves of the full-grown cabbage-rose. This is but one of Nature's miracles of Reserve Power. Once the banana was a tropical lily; the peach was at one time a bitter almond. To tell the full story of Reserve Power in Nature would mean to write the history of the universe, in a thousand volumes.

Nature is a great believer in "double engines." Man is equipped

with nearly every organ in duplicate—eyes, ears, lungs, arms and legs, so that if one be weakened, its mate, through Reserve Power, is stimulated to do enough for both. Even where the organ itself is not duplicated, as in the nose, there is a division of parts so there is constant reserve. Nature, for still further protection, has for every part of the body an understudy in training, to be ready in a crisis—as the sense of touch for the blind.

Birds when frightened ruffle their feathers; a dog that has been in the water shakes its coat so that each hair stands out of itself; the startled hedgehog projects every quill. These actions are produced by “skin muscles” that are rudimentary in man, and over which in ordinary conditions he has no control. But in a moment of terrible fear Reserve Power quickens their action in a second, and the hair on his head “stands on end” in the intensity of his fright.

Nature, that thus watches so tenderly over the physical needs of man, is equally provident in storing for him a mental and a moral Reserve Power. Man may fail in a dozen different lines of activity and then succeed brilliantly in a phase wherein he was unconscious of any ability. We must never rest content with what we *are*, and say: “There is no use for me to try. I can never be great. I am not even clever now.” But the law of Reserve Power stands by us as a fairy godmother and says: “There is one charm by which you can transmute the dull dross of your present condition into the pure gold of strength and power,—that charm is ever doing your best, ever daring more, and the full measure of your final attainment can never be told in advance. Rely upon me to help you with new revelations of strength in new emergencies. Never be cast down because your power seems so trifling, your progress so slow. The world’s greatest and best men were failures in some line, failures many times before failure was crowned with success.”

There is in the mythology of the Norsemen a belief that the strength of an enemy we kill enters into us. This is true in character. As we conquer a passion, a thought, a feeling, a desire; as we rise superior to some impulse, the strength of that victory, trifling though it may be, is stored by Nature as a Reserve Power to come to us in the hour of our need.

Were we to place before almost any individual the full chart of his future,—his trials, sorrows, failures, afflictions, loss, sickness and loneliness,—and ask him if he could bear it, he would say: “No! I could not bear all that and live.” But he *can* and he *does*. The hopes upon the realization of which he has staked all his future turn to air as he nears them; friends whom he has trusted betray him; the world grows cold to him; the child whose smile is the light of his life dishonors his name; death takes from him the wife of his heart. Reserve Power has been watching over him and ever giving him new strength,—even while he sleeps.

If we be conscious of any weakness, and desire to conquer it, we can force ourselves in positions where we *must* act in a way to strengthen ourselves through that weakness, cut off our retreat, burn our bridges behind us, and fight like Spartans till the victory be ours.

Reserve Power is like the manna given to the children of Israel in the wilderness,—only enough was given them to keep them for one day. Each successive day had its new supply of strength. There is in the leaning tower of Pisa a spiral stairway so steep in its ascent that only one step at a time is revealed to us. But as each step is taken the next is made visible, and thus, step by step, to the very highest. So in the Divine economy of the universe, Reserve Power is a gradual and constant revelation of strength within us to meet each new need. And no matter what be our line of life, what our need, we should feel that we have within us infinite, untried strength and possibility, and that, if we believe and do our best, the angel of Reserve Power will walk by our side, and will even divide the waters of the Red Sea of our sorrows and trials so we may walk through in safety.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

'TIS WHAT WE ARE.

'Tis what we are, not what we claim to be,
That helps to shape the common destiny.

'Tis what we are that speaks the loudest through
Not what we say, but rather what we do.

THEO. E. CURTIS.

HERBERT MELBOURNE.

BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

IV.

It was a beautiful evening in June, or more properly speaking, it was late in the afternoon; for the sun was high above the horizon when Herbert Melbourne left the railway office, having finished his work for the day. He walked home alone and in silence, purposely avoiding the companionship of any one of his several friends who walked in the same direction to their places of residence. He was engaged in serious thought, as he had been during a greater part of the day. Usually Herbert was jovial and always pleasant. He was serious at times, and this day he was unusually so.

He greeted his mother on entering the door with a somewhat forced smile, and an attempted word of cheer. But it was soon apparent to his dear old mother that all was not well with her son. Something troubled him; and she, with mother-like intuition, had a suspicion of what it might be that made him so downcast. At supper he had very little to say. To his mother's inquiries as to whether he was ailing physically, he assured her that his health was first class. Then to relieve her anxiety he simply remarked that he was troubled over some problem that confronted him in his daily labors. Still his mother felt that the problem, whatever it might be, was of an unusual character; and she was not entirely satisfied in her mind that the business problem was the only cause of his seriousness. Perhaps there was a love problem troubling him as well, she thought. She had heard whisperings from gossiping neighbors about his being in love with Alice Williams. While

she placed but little confidence in these stories, she surmised that there might be some truth in what was reported as current gossip. Among the things she had heard was that her son had proposed to Alice and had been rejected, or at least that the girl had given him an evasive answer.

Another story was that Alice had a rival suitor who was very attentive to her, and who was more of an adept at love-making than was Herbert. She could easily believe there were more engaging lovers than was Herbert, judging by the standard as set by thoughtless young ladies. For Herbert was not what might be termed a popular young man among the girls. He was "too sensible" for that, as his mother expressed it. She believed, also, that Alice was "too sensible" to be captivated by any foolish flirt or adventurer who might come along.

Soon after eating his supper, Herbert put on his hat and walked out without saying a word as to where he was going. Really he did not know where he would be led. He had no destination in mind. He was restless. He could not content himself with remaining at home, and he had no particular errand to take him away. He had a feeling that he would like to be alone. He was wrestling with conflicting thoughts within his mind; and at present he was not prepared to open his mind to anyone, not even to his mother, to whom he always went for comfort and advice. The truth was, he knew pretty well just what his mother's advice would be if he submitted the matter to her, and he was not yet sure he was prepared to follow her counsel. Instinctively his footsteps were directed "down-town" towards the office; but as he had no business to draw him there at that time of the evening, he simply hesitated a moment and then slowly walked on. He met but few of his acquaintances, and passed them with a simple word of recognition. On, on he went, walking not so briskly as he was wont to do. His head was bowed, and he was in deep and troubled thought. He continued in the same general direction until he found himself high up on the hill-side beyond the farthest distant residence north of the city. He was entirely alone and beyond the reach of the noise of the town. All about him was silent. A gentle breeze was blowing from the canyon. The sun was sinking behind the western mountains. The scene at his feet

—the city with its thousands of trees in their full green foliage—and the golden sunset, were magnificent, glorious. But to him on this occasion they had no beauty. He was not in a condition of mind to appreciate them.

He sat upon a rock and rested his limbs, but he found no rest for his brain. With elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands he sat and pondered, and tried to decide what he should do. Then he would wonder why his peace of mind should be disturbed by such seemingly small trifles. Generally, his life had been happy, why could it not remain so? But now a combination of circumstances had conspired to destroy his tranquility of spirit. For half an hour he remained here scarcely moving. It began to get darker, still he did not feel that he was ready to retrace his steps to seek his home. It seemed hard for him to yield, but at last he concluded to pray there and then for guidance. Of himself he was not capable of deciding upon the proper course to take. So he knelt by the boulder upon which he had been resting, and poured out his soul unto his Maker. He prayed as he had never done before. He felt to resign himself to the Lord, and be led by him in the course he should pursue. Then he arose, wiped the moisture from his eyes, and began to descend towards the city. He felt relieved as from a heavy burden. His heart and his footsteps were light, still he was not certain as to what he should do, but was fully decided that he would go home and confide all his anxieties to his mother.

The immediate cause of all his mental distress was the receipt of a letter from the President of the Church, asking him if he was prepared to take a mission abroad. But to fully understand his situation, other incidents of his past life must be understood.

Herbert Melbourne had a good position with the railway company. He made good money, and was enabled to live well, and keep his mother comfortably, which he did. He also saved money, but, unfortunately, he speculated in mining stocks and lost heavily. He never mentioned this matter to his mother, but kept it to himself.

This misfortune, if it can be so called, may have had some effect in causing him to give some attention to his spiritual welfare. It often happens that people turn to the Lord when ad-

versity strikes them, that is, if it strikes hard enough to turn them. Herbert worked hard and saved continually to make up for his financial loss, and now that he was out of debt, and was again fairly on the road to prosperity, and had just recently received a promotion, which meant a still larger salary, came this call to go upon a mission.

This call from the Church presidency was what troubled him. Which should he do, respond to the call, or accept the new position offered? His letter was in the form of an inquiry as to whether he was in a condition to go abroad as a missionary. No time was set for his departure. He *could* answer that he was not ready to go yet, and have the time for starting deferred for a year, perhaps. This would give him opportunity to better his condition financially. But he was financially able to go at present, and would it be honorable and wise to wait another year, or any great length of time? What assurance had he that he would be better prepared in a year to come? Temptation might come, and he might again yield to the desire to speculate with his means. (Or should the term "invest" be used here? People always try to make themselves believe that they are making a safe and profitable investment when they use their savings to purchase stocks, but very often such transactions turn out to be the wildest of speculations). These and many other questions he discussed in his mind; but he could not help feeling that the call meant for him to respond at once, or as soon as possible. He had cultivated the habit of being prompt and thorough in his business methods, and he believed in applying the same principles in all his transactions. So he was arguing against his own principles and practices when he tried to believe it would be all right to postpone his mission.

When he arrived home that evening he told his mother all about the matters that were weighing upon his mind. He told of his financial circumstances, of his prospects of promotion, and of his call to go upon a mission.

"I am able to go and pay my own way all right," he remarked; "but I do not know just how you will get along in my absence."

If his mother had any objections to his fulfilling the call at once, they would of course help to strengthen his poor, weak

reasons for waiting till some other time. He felt it his first duty to care for his dear, aged mother, and half believed he would be justified in remaining to provide for her. Had he reflected further, he might have allayed all fears of her being neglected: for did he not have brothers and sisters, amply able to take care of their mother? Perhaps he overlooked this fact, for the time being, because he had taken upon himself to provide for his mother, as he was the only one of the children living at the parental home, unmarried.

His mother had no desire that the caring for her should stand in the way of his performing his duty; still, she did not want to advise him strongly as to which course he should take. She had always given him good counsel, and now wanted him to decide for himself, feeling that he would choose the right course. So she answered his query by merely saying,

"My dear son, you need not trouble about me. I will be well cared for whatever you do. But choose for yourself."

"But I want you to help me decide," Herbert insisted.

"Think the matter over for a day or two," said his mother, "and then you will be prepared to give your answer. You know you are of age now, Herbert, and you can choose for yourself. I am pleased that you have confided in me, and you may be assured that I shall do everything I can to assist you, whatever you do, as long as you do right."

"Yes, mother, I am assured of that," added Herbert.

"I suppose there is no truth in the gossip of the neighborhood about you and Alice?" inquired Mrs. Melbourne.

"Well, I do not know. You will have to tell me what it is; I haven't heard the latest gossip," said Herbert, trying to appear as unconcerned as possible.

His mother, however, was a little concerned, and when he appeared so silent and glum at the supper table, she feared the cause of it was some misunderstanding with Alice. Like good mothers are, she was over-anxious about all her "baby" son's affairs. She told him what she had heard—from those who always know more about their neighbors' affairs than do the neighbors themselves.

Herbert only laughed at the absurdity of the stories, and remarked, "That's all they know about our affairs!"

Herbert Melbourne and Alice Williams were engaged to be married; but no date had been set for the consummation of that important event of their young lives; nor was the engagement publicly announced. Both parties were wise enough to keep their own counsel. They considered such a matter their own affair, and displayed their good sense by withholding the fact from the public—not that they were ashamed of it, but that it was too premature to make public. Their silence about the engagement naturally aroused the curiosity of the gossip-venders, and in absence of genuine information they manufactured news—like some newspaper reporters, when they fail to get the facts, they publish the rumors, and if there are no rumors, they imagine some, and build startling stories upon their imaginations.

Herbert's attachment for Alice grew out of his attendance at the meetings of the Mutual Improvement Association in the ward in which they both resided. The two had been slightly acquainted before they met in the association, but it was during the period of Herbert's connection with the association that his love was awakened; and it was not long after the first awakening of this passion when he discovered that Alice was not unwilling to reciprocate. She believed him to be a man of honor and purity and felt that if he ever became interested in religion he would become a staunch advocate of the truth.

It was now over a year since Herbert became a regular member of the Y. M. M. I. A. It had been observed that he was becoming interested in spiritual affairs; that he had cast from him his habit of smoking, and that he was also a tithepayer. Herbert never did oppose the doctrine of tithing. True, he neglected to pay tithing for some years, but this was because he did not regard himself as a Church member. He was not converted to other principles, and was not religiously inclined. Still he believed it was proper for Church members to support their Church financially as well as morally. He could never see any consistency in a man who expected to get the benefits derived from membership in an organization, and refuse to "pay his dues," as he expressed it. He had no patience with people who are always striving to get

something for nothing. His education had taught him that in nature there was a law of recompense—that man could get only that which he earned. The farmer cannot expect to reap a harvest unless he sow the seed and cultivate the ground; the student cannot get information from his text books only in proportion to his diligence in studying them; and so, too, the Church member can only be truly benefitted by such membership according to his faithfulness in observing the requirements of his religion. Besides this, he saw the beauty, equality, and justice of the law of tithing. The poor man whose tithing was small was on an equality with the rich man whose tithing reached into the thousands of dollars annually. Then the practice of paying tithing is highly valuable for the discipline it gives in conducting the financial affairs of the family, affording as it does, a valuable training in frugality. It requires attention and care in the handling of the family income, to pay one-tenth as a voluntary contribution, but the benefit secured more than repays for the outlay. Young as he was, Herbert had noted this fact in his observations among his neighbors and acquaintances. He also realized to some extent the power for good that might be exerted by the Church, were every member loyal in sustaining it with his means as well as his faith.

The second day after Herbert received his missionary call, the fact became known among his fellow employes at the railway office. His friends were uncertain as to whether he had accepted the call; in truth, he had not decided in his own mind, and had made no statement concerning the matter.

During the day several of his friends “jollied” him about it, and asked if he were going to turn preacher. He made evasive answers to all their questions, and heard all kinds of comments. He chanced to overhear one man remark that he (Herbert) would be a fool if he should respond to the call. But knowing the character of the one from whom the expression came, Herbert was not to be influenced by anything that man might suggest, unless it was to act in direct opposition to what he advised. It was, no doubt, the slurring remarks of such persons as the one referred to that aroused his indignation and contempt for such advisers, and hastened his decision to accept the call to fill a

mission. He cared not for gratuitous advice from those who had no sympathy with him, and he was anxious to ignore it if possible.

That evening he mailed his answer to the presidency's inquiry, stating that he was prepared to take a mission at once. He would be ready to start at any time that might be named. Afterwards he called upon Miss Williams, to tell her what he had done. The thought occurred to him, while on the way, that he would first tell her only of his call, that he might get her opinion as to what he should do under the circumstances. Then he questioned in his mind if he had done right in giving his answer without informing her about it; but he was at once satisfied that he had taken the right step, and was morally certain that she would have encouraged him to do as he had done. To satisfy his curiosity he would make a test. After being comfortably seated in the parlor of the Williams home, and being alone with the young lady he said,

"Alice, have you heard the news?"

"What news?" inquired Alice.

"The news concerning myself—and yourself, perhaps."

"I have heard that you are about to receive a promotion from the company for which you work; is that the news you refer to?"

"Not exactly that. I am called to go away."

"Then your new position takes you to another town, does it? Where to—Denver?"

"No; you do not understand. I have been called upon a mission. What do you think of that? How would you suggest that I answer such a call?"

Instead of answering directly, Alice upon the momentary impulse, concluded also to make a trial of his feelings respecting the matter, so she replied by saying, "Surely you are not going now, are you?"

"Well, why not?"

"I understand you are to receive a better position with the railway company. You would not go and refuse such an offer, would you?"

"Then what do you think I should do?"

"And would you leave your aged mother, whom you may not see again in this life—and your young sweetheart, too, whom you may never meet again only as some one else's wife? Cannot the mission be postponed for a few years?"

"I would like your opinion about the matter. What would you suggest?"

"Why, can't you decide for yourself? Is it not plain to you what you ought to do?"

"No; I would like your advice."

"And will you do as I advise?"

"I will not promise. I will take it under consideration."

"Then you mean to go, even if I advise you to the contrary?"

"I have not so stated."

"But you would not take a woman's advice, anyway!"

"That depends on whether—"

"Whether it suits you, of course!"

"No; whether it is the right thing to do."

Having thought of no more possible objections to his taking a mission, Alice at last said:

"Herbert Melbourne, if you desire any suggestion from me, I will say, by all means tell the presidency that you will accept the call, and will go upon the mission at once. I was arguing in favor of your staying at home just to see if you had the courage of your convictions."

"Then you want to get rid of me, do you?" asked Herbert in an attempt to tease.

"Not that—do not misunderstand me. I consider it a privilege as well as a duty for a young man to respond to such a call."

"You mean it, do you?"

"Yes; I am in earnest."

"Noble girl, you are! I have already answered that I am prepared to go. I resolved that it was my duty—and perhaps the opportunity of my life; and I knew if you were the sensible girl I believed you to be, you would not try to dissuade me from obeying the call."

"You did right. Besides, it would not be my right, even if I had the desire, to influence you to do otherwise."

"You are a courageous girl. And now that I expect to be gone for several years, I think it but fair that I should release you from the engagement to marry me. I would be selfish to insist that you wait for my return, for you may, in the meantime, receive better offers than I can hope to make."

"I am perfectly willing to wait, Herbert; or I am willing to release you. You are going into the world, and may meet many other women you would prefer above me, and you should be free to make your choice."

"Not so, my dear. Alice, if you are willing to remain constant through the years of my absence, I shall be true to you, and your constancy and love will be an inspiration to me to put forth my greatest efforts to fulfil my duty, as Heaven gives me light to see it. With assurance of your continued love I shall not fear to face even death itself!" and rising to his feet, and also to the climax of his protest, he added, "I herewith renew my solemn promise to be true to you, until we shall meet again!"

Then he stooped and sealed the promise with a kiss.

That was a remarkably dramatic speech for Herbert, who was never very demonstrative in his actions. He was usually inclined to be reticent, in the presence of ladies, though exceedingly considerate and polite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Salt Lake City, Utah.

HEREDITY.

The small town of Y—— down on the Maine coast contains many quaint and interesting characters. The following incident occurred not long ago:

Mr. Brown was standing at the corner waiting for the electric car. It was a dark, rainy night, and as the streets of Y—— are unlighted, many of the residents carry lanterns. So he was not surprised to see Miss Shaw approach with a small hand lantern, and together they boarded the car.

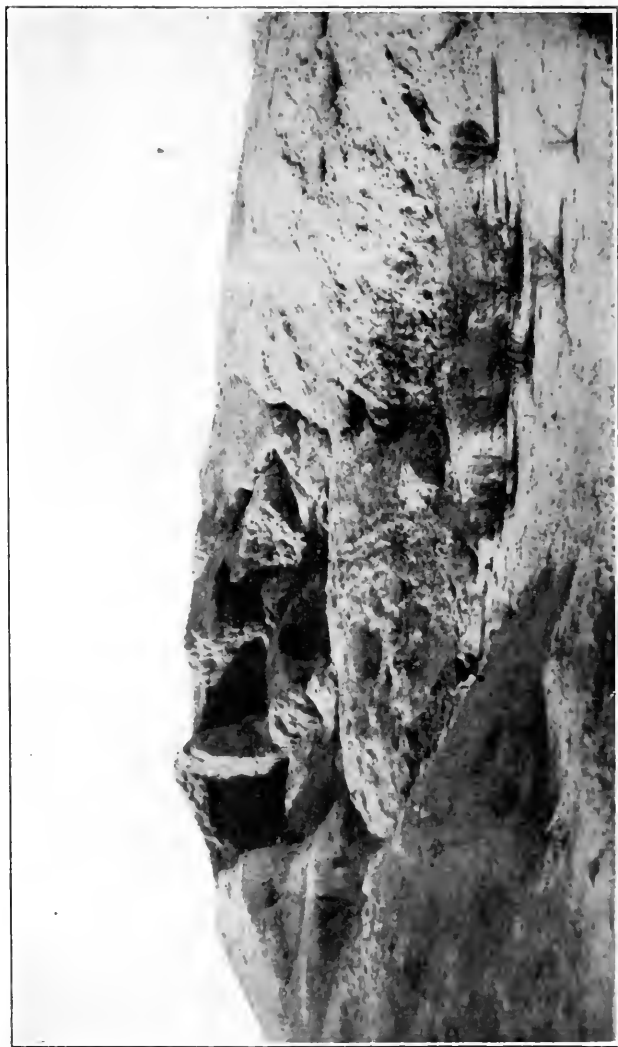
They sat down beside a friend, who at once remarked: "Good evening, Miss Shaw; I see you carry a lantern."

"Yes," replied Miss Shaw, "Father carried one all his life, and I suppose I always shall."

"That's heredity, isn't it?" laughingly asked the friend.

"Oh no!" promptly exclaimed Miss Shaw. "Only common kerosene."

—*Harper's Weekly.*



One of the ancient concrete ruins of the Salt River Valley, near Mesa, Ariz., rising from the level plain. Surrounding this ruin, which appears to have been a palace or temple, are many ruins of minor buildings, from which pottery and tools have been exhumed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

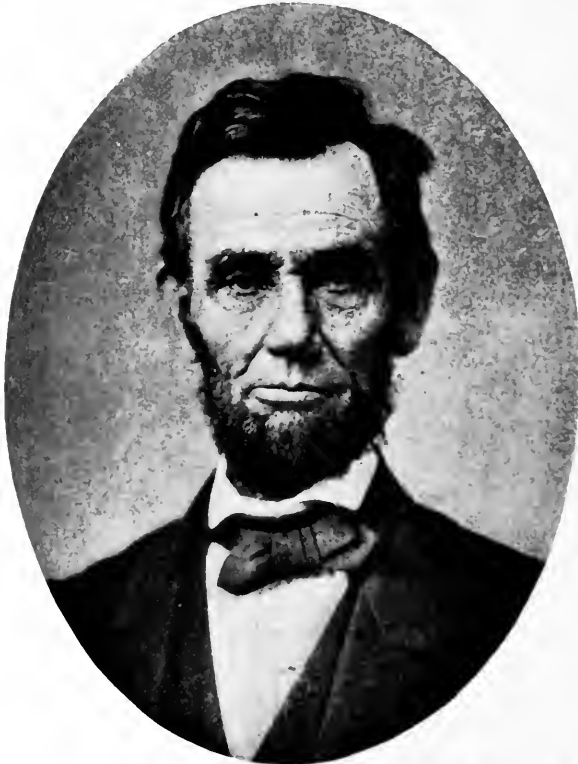
BY HUGO B. ANDERSON.

Nothing new can be said on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Every act of his official career, every line of his public declarations, every word of his private correspondence, and every apparent motive for his efforts, have been scrutinized by the critics of the times as have those of no other man. And yet, today his character remains as lofty and undefiled as it seemed the day he fell a martyr in the cause of humanity. What more can be said of any mortal? It is quite fitting, nevertheless, that we continue to keep fresh before us the life of so great a man, that the inspiration of his accomplishments may impel us to do something which will better our lives and thus rekindle that inspiration for posterity. Lincoln was a great man. The testimony of one hundred years has established it. He was not born great. Greatness was not thrust upon him. He achieved greatness. It remains for us to discover the secret of his success, and then heed the lesson which his life so grandly taught.

It is doubtful if any historic character ever came into the world under more discouraging prospects than did Abraham Lincoln. With a shiftless and ignorant father, an uneducated but good and big-hearted mother, and in the most dire poverty, he spent his early youth. One thing and one only worked in his favor. He was born in a new country, among the rough, yet true-hearted pioneers. With these simple and courageous folk, ancestry or wealth counted for naught. A man was judged by strength of body and character, and not by the social status of his father. Every man had an equal chance to make a name for himself, and

no man received a name who did not make it. That was Abraham Lincoln's one opportunity, and from the time he was old enough to realize it, he made the most of his chances.

He read everything which he could lay hands upon. As soon as he gained a bit of information he used it. He practiced telling people, in a simple way, what he had read, illustrating his points with stories from life. In this way he acquired that art of putting things which in later years inspired a great man to say, "when Mr. Lincoln speaks, it seems as though the people are thinking out loud." With ambitious courage he struggled on as a farm hand, as a store clerk, as a leader of a company in the Black Hawk War,



From an Untouched Negative Made in 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Sixteenth President of the United States. Born Feb. 12, 1809; shot
by an assassin, April 14, 1865, and died the following day.

and was at the age of twenty-five elected to the Illinois legislature.

Here, before long the time came when he must choose his standing place. A proslavery resolution was brought before the house. When a young man, Lincoln, with several companions, had witnessed a slave auction in New Orleans. It made a profound impression on him. It seemed to strike a cord which a farseeing Providence had tuned within his soul in harmony with Divine justice. Turning to his friends he is said to have uttered these words, "Boys, if I ever get a chance to hit slavery, by God, I'll hit it hard." His first chance to oppose slavery was now at hand. But he was new in politics, the preponderance of sentiment was against him, he was ambitious for political distinction, and a vote against the measure might ruin his chances, "for in that time in many parts of the west an abolitionist was regarded as little better than a horsethief." Should he stand for his conviction or let this trifling affair slide by until he gained a stronger political power?

And here is the key to the success of Lincoln's life.

He not only did not do wrong, vote for the measure, but he struck a blow for the right. With a following of only one man he recorded his protest against the resolution. He showed the heroic courage to stand alone for his convictions, and trusted to God for his future.

With that the life of Lincoln is told. He had passed the cross-roads. He had taken the first road which turned to the Right. That road led to success. From that time on with the same courage and trust in truth, he pushed forward no matter how steep and rough the road which he must climb, nor deep the mire of sorrow through which he must pass.

When he wrote the speech in which he declared that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," he was advised by his friends that if he should deliver it he could not be elected to Congress. He delivered it and was defeated. But what mattered that to him! An opportunity had been offered him, and he threw all his splendid strength into a blow for the right.

As he left his home in Springfield to assume the responsibilities of the presidential office, he spoke these words of final farewell to his friends, "I now leave, not knowing when or whether

ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed, with that assistance I can not fail." He sought that assistance. He studied, he toiled. At times he was criticised severely. But he never swerved from a course which he considered right, to elevate himself in the popular mind, or to please another.

And he succeeded.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave him to see the right," he pressed bravely on to carry into effect his life's conviction, that the institution of slavery was founded on injustice. With the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, that work which he had started, when as a boy he witnessed the horrors of the slave auction, was completed. He had reached the goal.

And then came the end, too tragic for expression:

As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.
* * * * * *

The light of truth, the conviction of right and wrong, is given to every man. In this we are all born in a new country, for all have equal opportunity. The cross-roads are at hand. Success shines today, as it did in the days of Lincoln, on the horizon of the road to the Right. That road is as rough, steep and thick with mire as ever before.

This is the lesson of Lincoln's life:—

No man is born into the world whose opportunities are not great enough to enable him to achieve that success, if he will but pay the price,—strike fearlessly for the right, as he sees the right, and trust in God.

Sugar House, Utah.

WIND VOICES.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

‘We are the voices of the wandering wind’—*Edwin Arnold.*

Wind, in the bough, decked at Summer’s hest,
What murmurest thou when roses blow?—
‘I rock each young bird in its nest
Like child cradled on mother-breast,
To my lullaby rustling low.’

Wind, at the city’s corners gusty,
Why whistlest thou so vacant and bold?—
‘O, the rise of my joy was lusty!
In the drift of these by-ways dusty,
It fell, and the heart o’ the year’s a-cold.’

Wind, where the sky-line stretcheth,
How weird is thy song on the wires!—
‘The call of Love’s quick’ning breath,
The hint of the ceased pulse of death,
Are the song of my woven lyres.’

Wind, when the panes are shaken,
To list thee, I cannot forbear!—
‘I wail of love’s faith forsaken:
Of sunlit hopes by night o’ertaken,
And I shriek in a wild despair.’

Wind, in the branch slow-started,
Where the moon’s pure light is shed, —
Whispereth thou of the departed?—
‘Peace waft I to the mournful-hearted,
And signal tidings of the dead.’

Wind, when sere leaves fall faster,
How strong is thy psalm of the gale!
Like the rush of infinite water
On a shore of the hereafter,
And a countless host’s all-hail!

FLORENCE L. LANCASTER.

London, England.

THE TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH OF YOUTH.

BY J. E. HICKMAN, A. M., PRESIDENT OF THE MURDOCK³ ACADEMY.

IV.—IDEALS.

Thoreau went to the forests that he might work out his life's ideals, and humanity has made a road to his Walden. John Burroughs, years ago, parted life with Jay Gould and retreated to the forests. His high ideals, worked out in obscurity, have given nations new light, and have beaten a path to the door of his hut.

So, too, with you, my friend, work out life's ideal, and in some one point, do it better than any one else, and your fellow men will, if necessary, follow you to the desert to pay you homage. Yet, while man is at his life's work the world often lets fly the poisoned arrow of reproach, but once let him excel, the world will lay aside its weapons and give the honor justly due. While Brigham Young was in the desert with his exiles, the world hurled its thunderbolts at him; but now he has completed his mission, the world honors him for his work. This nation now purposes putting his statue in the galaxy of its famous men.

Do not let the hate of a well-meaning world cool your ardor, nor an obstacle of fate thwart your purpose in doing your inspired duty.

Have you ever thought that God gave to the bird the power of flight and the gift of song, while to man he grants success only through long years of toil? Why this distinction? The answer is not far to see. Had God not given the song as he did, the bird would never have sung. But he removed man's rewards far from his hand that he might struggle to attain them, and in the attainment develop character. This power of building character comes with action and resistance. It seems paradoxical to say that the

dull, hard-working boy often gets more out of his schooling than the brilliant student, yet in many cases it is true. Yes, he excels just as often in life's broader mission. It is not that dulness is superior to brilliancy, but that encountering greater difficulties, it achieves greater victories, and so leads to greater strength of character. It is a noted fact that some of America's greatest statesmen and leaders graduated at the foot of their classes.

Character, like virtue, is active not passive. A good musician is one who can perform well, but a good man is one who not only *can do* well, but one who *does do* well. Character, like virtue, can take no holiday. Character is a development from the cradle to the grave. Being the result of every thought, word, or deed, no day passes without its influence for good or ill. No act, be it ever so trivial, fails to leave its mark, as there is no hair so small but that it casts its shadow. Character, constantly varying, is either elevated on the one hand, or degraded on the other. As on the battle field, the fort that is taken one day may be retaken the next, so in the human character, that which is gained today, through the travail of the soul, may be lost tomorrow through some ruthless act or cankered thought. Within the human breast there are fought the greatest battles of the world. The wreck of the conflict may be violent words, or it may be unspeakable crime. It may be bitter tears, half uttered curses, or smothered groans. It may be a glorious victory as complete and triumphant as Admiral Schley's at Santiago. If a man conquers, he is nobler and stronger; and, like the repeating waves of the ocean, his achievements will act and react in the strengthening of his character. Your struggle is human tragedy, your victory human triumph.

Beaver, Utah.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASHINGTON.

The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.—LOWELL.

“Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
His Country is his Monument.”

THE PROPHET'S LAST EARTHLY ACT.

BY JAMES G. DUFFIN, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE CENTRAL STATES MISSION.

The life of Joseph Smith is full of examples that have left their impress upon the hearts and minds of mankind in every quarter of the globe. Unselfish, his first thought was the will of the Father in heaven, and the good of men. His life might pay the penalty, but where duty called he never faltered. Whether it was declaring to a scoffing world that he had seen a vision, administering stinging rebukes to hypocrisy in high places, silencing a profane guard while chained a prisoner, or excommunicating licentious men from the Church, in the face of conspiracy to take his life, he was ever the fearless advocate of truth, the unselfish champion of liberty, the courageous defender of virtue. He died as he lived, the great apostle, to this generation, of all the noblest virtues.

Yet, strange as it may seem, with the life that he lived before them, by many, even among those who believe in his divine mission, the last act of Joseph's mortal life has not been understood. When he sprang to the window of Carthage jail, after his brother Hyrum had been killed and John Taylor savagely wounded, what motive had he? Was it to desert his brethren with the thought of saving his own life? Willard Richards was still in the room unharmed, John Taylor lying on the floor helpless from the assassins' bullets, but not dead. Were it true that Joseph's motive in rushing to the window was to save his own life, the character of the man, formed by a life of devotion to eternal principles and his brethren, must, in that trying moment, be changed. A nobler purpose was his.

It will be remembered by those who have visited Carthage jail that the room in which Joseph and his brethren were held as prisoners, is in the southeast part of the building. The door that opens into the room is near the northwest corner, while there is a window on the east, and one on the south side of the room. These windows are about fourteen feet from the ground. When the mob, numbering two hundred or more, made the attack on the building, a part of them rushed up the stairway leading to the upper rooms, and the balance surrounded the building to cut off any possible chance of escape of their victims. The mob that entered the building hurled themselves against the door and forced it partly open, while the brethren in the room attempted to prevent their entrance into the room by bracing themselves against the other side of the door. Hyrum Smith was facing the door, and a ball fired through it entered his face, and he fell exclaiming, "I am a dead man;" As he fell, two other balls entered his body, fired through the opening in the doorway, and another entered it, fired from the outside and through the window. It will thus be seen that the brethren were subjected to a cross fire, from the mob firing through the doorway, and from those on the outside firing through the windows. Let us keep these facts before us while we consider some other circumstances connected with this terrible tragedy.

A few days before the martyrdom, Joseph had crossed the Mississippi river, preparatory to commencing his trip of exploration to the Rocky Mountains where he hoped to find an asylum for his people in which they could live in peace. Being accused of cowardice by some, while others pleaded for his return to Nauvoo, he said: "If my life is worth nothing to you, it is worth nothing to me." He then recrossed the river and gave himself into the hands of the officers. When starting to Carthage, he turned to those with him and said: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter." He knew the time for the sacrifice had come.

Let us now return to Carthage jail. The building was surrounded by an armed mob thirsting for the blood of the prophet. To make an attempt to escape by way of the window, Joseph knew he would be exposed to the fire of the mob on the outside as well as of those on the inside of the building, and should

he succeed in getting through the window alive, there was still the leap of fourteen feet to the ground, in the face of that howling mob. He knew what the result would be, but he did not hesitate. There were lives in that fatal room most precious to him. It was his blood, not theirs, for which the mob was thirsting. Could he succeed in drawing the mob from the building, the lives of his brethren might be spared. He leaped to the window, instantly he was pierced by balls fired from the door at the rear, and one entered his breast from the outside. Throwing himself outward, he fell to the ground exclaiming: "Oh Lord, my God!" The mob now rushed down the stairs and out of the building, and the lives of John and Willard were saved.

TO SAVE THE LIVES OF HIS BRETHREN—that was the inspiration for the last mortal act of our beloved Prophet.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his brethren."

Provo, Utah, Dec. 23, 1908.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness the world can gather.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHAT OF THE RED MAN?

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Ever since the middle of the seventeenth century when the "Indian Apostle," John Eliot, established his towns of "praying Indians," in Massachusetts, there have been attempts by the Americans to educate the Red Man. Eliot's efforts were ably seconded by John Stockton, of Massachusetts, and Eleazer Wheelock, of Connecticut and New Hampshire. It has continued with more or less success until the present day. The teaching of the Indians was first under church denominational control, financially aided by the government, but since 1893 the churches have gradually withdrawn from participation in government aid, leaving the schools either private or completely under government control; and Uncle Sam is very good to the Indians.

There are at present about two hundred fifty Indian schools in this country with an enrollment of about 25,000 pupils. The schools comprise day-schools, reservation and non-reservation boarding-schools, industrial training-schools, and contract-schools. The industrial training-schools number ten, located as follows: Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Chemawa, near Salem, Oregon; Chilocco, Oklahoma; Genoa, Nebraska; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Lawrence, Kansas; (the Haskell Institute), Grand Junction, Colorado; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Phoenix, Arizona; and Fort Shaw, Montana. These schools, in the scope of their work, and in equipment, excel in a high degree.

The school at Phoenix, shown in the cut, is located on 240 acres of land a short distance from the city. The government has spent between six and seven hundred thousand dollars in buildings.



Panoramic View of Indian School, Phoenix, Arizona.

There are between six and seven hundred Indian boys and girls in attendance, gathered from some twenty-five tribes who dwell in various parts of the surrounding country, especially in the southern part of the territory. The child of the wild Apache and of the timid Indian of the plains here associate together, and, under the careful tuition of Uncle Sam's teachers, become reconciled to each other, so that they often intermarry. They receive lessons from books one-half a day, and then in industry the other half, the idea being to prepare the Indian to earn his living in the White man's way when his education is finished. To this end, large shops and work houses are provided where the boys learn all kinds of handicraft. The girls are taught domestic science. They are dressed in spotless white-and-black uniforms. They comb their hair and tie their braids neatly with red ribbons. Some are bright and intelligent, others very sqaw-like. A year or two at the school changes entirely the new student, in both looks and conduct. The girls make splendid servants, and



Panoramic View of Capitol and Grounds, Phoenix, Arizona.

the demand for them can with difficulty be supplied.

Children enter the school at any age from six to twenty-five years. At first the government was compelled to gather them up and force them to school, but now there is scarcely room to accept the applications that come voluntarily. The children are graded according to age, and live in fashionable and beautiful dormitories which the girls are required to keep in spotless order.

Saturday is parents' visiting day, and the paternal Indians come from all about, in all kinds of wonderful "rigs." It is remarkable to note the contrast between the visitors and the visited; and really astonishing to see the children take to the dirt with their parents who lounge in groups on the bare ground or on the lawn in the shade of the palms. Boys and girls nicely dressed, and ranging in age from eight to fourteen, have been seen to throw themselves on the ground and roll with glee in the dust and sand; while older ones stand, one imagines, longing for the opportunity, but refrain in deference to their new education and the white man's

ways. Some reply quickly and brightly when addressed, but others are surly and refuse to answer questions. At Papago, the Indian village near Mesa, there are nearly two hundred Indians who are Latter-day Saints. Quite a number of their children attend the Industrial school at Phoenix.

Whether or not Uncle Sam shall succeed in perpetuating the race of the Red Man and making of him a civilized character remains to be seen. But this fact is clear, there is no example in the history of the world where a nation has provided and cared for its conquered aboriginal inhabitants as the United States is now doing with the remnant of her conquered race.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

ARE THESE THE LATTER DAYS?

(For the Improvement Era.)

I hear the clash of arms afar!
Behold the battle fields ablaze;*
And every nation talks of war.
Oh say, are these the latter days?
Upon the gale a wail of woe
Against the firmament resounds;
Convulsing earth reels to and fro,
And ocean heaves beyond her bounds.
Behold the multitudes abroad,†
By prophets anciently reprov'd,
With cunning lips draw near to God,
But lo, their hearts are far removed.
Another angel earthward flies,‡
The gospel message in his hand;
And with a trumpet-voice he cries
To every tongue and every land.
Truth springs triumphant from the dust,
And righteousness looks from above.§
Salt Lake City, Utah.

She flees,—the night of greed and lust—
Before the golden dawn of love.¶
The sticks of Jacob, in the hand
Of God, are one, and are unfurled**
Before the eyes of every land,
To save or to condemn the world.
The rocky mountains, crowned with
snow,
(Prophetic dreams) salute my gaze;
For unto them all nations flow††
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.
Lo Judah wakes, and angel hand
Directs his pilgrimage divine.‡‡
Put on thy strength, oh Holy Land,§§
He turns his face to Palestine!
Toward the West the moon reclines,
And lo! the East is all ablaze.
My friends, what think you of the signs?
Are these, are these the latter days?

THEO. E. CURTIS.

* Matt. 24: 6. † Matt. 15: 8.
‡ Psalm 85: 11. ** Ezek. 37, 16-19.
§ Jer. 33: 7.

‡ Rev. 14: 6, 7. § Isa. 29: 4.
†† Isa. 2: 3, 4. ‡‡ Isa. 11: 12.

ST. PAUL'S COMPANIONS IN ROME.

BY COL. R. M. BRYCE-THOMAS.

V.—ONESSIMUS.

Of all the fellowships of the great Apostle, in Rome, that we read of, the strongest perhaps is the one which was formed between him and the runaway slave Onessimus. In order to understand the depth of degradation in which persons of the latter's condition lived, in those early days, one must realize something of their social status. Slavery was an established fact among pagan nations, and it is believed that such was more especially the case in Phrygia, a country in which it is said the slaves were of the worst sort. Aristotle tells us that a slave was merely "a live chattel," and Seneca wrote that any act was lawful towards a slave. We know that slaves were entirely their masters' property, and that the latter could do with them and their families just what they chose, even to punishing them with death. Dr. Farrar, in describing a slave, says that he was "a thing which had no rights, and towards which there were no duties;" and Mr. Anthony C. Deane in his *Friends and Fellow-laborers of St. Paul* writes as follows: "Cruelty of the most repulsive kind was viewed as the merely normal and ordinary treatment of a slave, while the precepts of the Rabbis on this point scarcely differed from the laws of paganism." Mr. Deane does not tell us what those precepts were, but one of them was probably that which Dr. Farrar quotes as a teaching of the Rabbis on this point: "It is forbidden to teach a slave the law."

Onessimus stood in this position to Philemon who resided at Colossæ, the capital of Phrygia. He may not have had such a

heavy yoke to bear as many another slave had, for doubtless some masters were more humane than others. We know that there were many cases in which masters had freed their slaves from the degradation of such servitude, and had raised them to positions of considerable trust and confidence; and one cannot suppose that a man like Philemon, who had exhibited the good that was in him by so readily accepting the gospel which Paul preached, would have been otherwise than a kind and considerate master. even while he was still a Pagan and knew nothing of the humanizing influences of Christianity. But notwithstanding this, Onessimus robbed him, and ran away. It was to the city of Rome that he fled, in order the better to conceal himself, and to spend his ill-gotten gains in some low abyss of infamy. In those days the worst criminals and the scum of many cities and towns found their way, it is said, to Imperial Rome, just as they now do to London or to one of the large modern cities of Europe and of America. It was the place where they could best remain undiscovered, and at the same time find opportunities of enjoying, in their own way, and with a certain amount of impunity, the vicious lives to which they were addicted.

It is not pleasant to think of what might have been the fate of Onessimus had his master been a pagan, and he himself caught and returned to that master. Mr. Deane says that quite a normal punishment would have been crucifixion, but that in any case the slave would be put to torture and branded as a run-away with a red hot iron.

These two extremes—if I may so term Paul and Onessimus—met in some unknown way in Rome, or to put it in Dr. Macduff's words, "the pure and noble minded Paul confronted the debased Onessimus." I may here note, in digression, that this fugitive slave of Philemon possessed a most inappropriate name, Onessimus meaning "beneficial." He was quite the reverse of that, at the time that he committed the crime which deserved a felon's punishment, although afterwards St. Paul spoke of him in his letter to Philemon as now being "profitable to them both" (verse 2). Several reasons have been put forward to account for the meeting of Paul and this slave. We know that the Apostle while at Colossæ had converted Philemon, the master; may it not have been that Onessi-

mus had there seen Paul and perhaps heard something of the good news that he then preached, and that subsequently, at Rome, either on account of want or through qualms of conscience, he went to the Apostle and made a full confession of his crime? Or may it not have been that Onesimus was met and recognized in Rome by one of Paul's friends who were with him at Colossæ, and subsequently induced to go and hear the great preacher in the latter's own hired house near the Ghetto? Dr. Farrar suggests that he might have been met by Epaphras, as Presbyter of Colossæ, who would very likely have known him as Philemon's slave, or that perhaps Onesimus himself had been present at some of those daily addresses by Paul in the school of Tyrannus, and had there been touched in his heart. But whatever may have been the cause that brought these two men face to face, we are quite sure that Onesimus' confluence in the sympathy and mercy of Paul were in no way misplaced. Paul met him kindly, spoke to him of the great truths of the gospel, taught him what must have been a new revelation to him; namely, that God was the Father of all men and no respecter of persons, that in his sight the slave was as acceptable as the master, and that consequently he (the slave), although guilty of a heinous offense, need in no way despair, as there was a salvation for him as well as for all others through the atoning work of Jesus Christ, if he would but believe, repent, and obey the laws of the gospel. The result was that Onesimus was converted and baptized, and became to the Apostle "a son whom he had begotten in his bonds," (Philem. 10), "a brother beloved," (Philem. 16) and one who was "profitable to him" (Philem. 11). Here we find an instance of the power of the gospel, not only in reclaiming one who formerly was depraved and worthless, but also in linking together and establishing in the bonds of true fellowship and love two such opposite characters as the intelligent, high minded, and conscientious Apostle, and the degraded and criminal slave. All that was best in Onesimus came uppermost when he was brought into contact with Paul and his teachings, and thus he became not only a reformed character, but also a fellow-laborer with the great Apostle himself.

In this letter to Philemon we can see the beauty of Paul's nature, his perfect unselfishness, and his deference to the rights

of others. Notwithstanding that he could ill spare this son newly begotten in his bonds, he yet realized that Onesimus belonged to Philemon entirely, and more than this, that Onesimus was his master's debtor to the extent of the amount of which he had robbed him, and so he decided not to retain him any longer with him at Rome, but to send him back to his master at Colossæ at once. Mr. Deane thinks that Christian as he was, Philemon might perhaps have punished his dishonest slave with severity, for he might well have doubted the sincerity of his professed conversion, so Paul, in order to prevent any such result, wrote him that wonderful letter of his, in "his own hand" (Philem. 19), in which he begged him to receive back Onesimus "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved" (Philem. 16). Much has been written in respect to this letter, in which St. Paul undertook to intercede for this reclaimed outcast, and it has not unfrequently been compared in its elegance and grace with a similar letter written by the younger Pliny to his friend Sabinarius, on behalf of an offending freed man. The two letters are on an identical subject, and writers have drawn various comparisons between them, among which those of Dr. Farrar appear to me to be very much to the point. A translation of Pliny's letter will be found in Excursus 5 in Vol. 2 of Farrar's *Life and Works of St. Paul*.

How Onesimus fared when he met his master Philemon we have no means of knowing, but doubtless St. Paul was fully persuaded that the latter, of whose "love and faith towards the Lord Jesus and towards all Saints" he had heard so much, (Philem. 5) would, on receiving his letter, pardon his erring but penitent slave, and extend towards him every Christian kindness and clemency. We have no further exact knowledge of the subsequent life of Onesimus, nor of his death, but in Dr. Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, we find as follows: "In the epistle of Ignatius to the Ephesians, A. D. 107, he commends Onesimus, their Bishop, for his singular charity. But it seems doubtful if this overseer of the church of Ephesus can be identified with St. Paul's convert and fellow-laborer. Other traditions speak of him as ordained bishop of Beræa, in Macedonia, others of his having suffered martyrdom in Rome."

I do not here propose to enter into any lengthy dissertation on the subject of slavery. Its horrors are beyond description, and

the lot of a slave must have been the most unenviable one in the whole world. From Dr. Brewer's *Guide to Roman History* I have culled the following facts regarding slaves. They were (1) captives of war, (2) many criminals by way of punishment, (3) children of slaves. They were employed on all domestic work, and also as mechanics, artisans, laborers, and even sometimes as teachers and clerks, etc. The master could kill, or sell, or flog his slaves at his will. Slaves could never legally marry, nor acquire property that did not belong to their master. No wages were allowed to them, but the Roman law enjoined every master to allow his slave one pound of wheat or of some other grain per day, and a little oil or salt. On certain festivals they were to have a small quantity of fruit and a little wine. Under the old Roman kings, slaves could not acquire property in Rome, but after they were employed in offices of trust their masters often allowed them as an act of grace a portion of their gains. This allowance was termed the slaves *peculium*, with which many subsequently purchased their freedom.

In the days of Paul the system of slavery was probably at its worst, and it has been a difficulty with some persons to reconcile the fact of Paul being a great Christian teacher, with that of his sending Onesimus back to his condition of slavery, nor do they understand how a Christian man like Philemon, for whose love and faith the Apostle thanked God, (Philem. 4:5) could countenance such a system at all. We must not forget that Christianity, unlike Mohammedanism, was not in its nature a revolutionary institution. No doubt slavery was entirely opposed to the law of brotherhood, so strongly advocated both by our Lord and his disciples, but we find neither him nor them at any time leading any direct attack upon, nor antagonizing themselves against, social institutions and the established order of things as they found them. The elevating and reforming influences of Christianity had to work from within, and even then very gradually. A crusade against slavery would have inflamed the mind of the populace, raised the opposition of the authorities and of the upper classes, and brought on a servile war with its train of horrors worse than those of slavery itself. But Paul had no such purpose in view; he knew that in God's own time the light of Christianity would illumine the darkness then

pervading the earth, and that although the accomplishing of this work might take a very long time, it would eventually bring about that great law of brotherhood which Christ himself proclaimed. So we find him writing to the Corinthians: "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a servant? (slave,) care not for it: but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather" (I Cor. 7: 20, 21). See also his instructions to servants (slaves) and masters in Ephesians 7: 5-9; Colossians 3: 22; I Timothy 6: 1; and Titus 11: 9. St. Peter also taught the duty of subjection of servants (slaves) to masters (I Peter 2: 18).

Mr. Deane, in lifting up a warning voice to social reformers of today, calls upon them to remember that the great work of Christianity was to change character, so that in response to the demands of the new inner character, outward institutions would be altered. He adds: "But the only outward reform of any value is that which follows the inward change of character; in other words, our business is to make men more truly the disciples of Christ, and then, not as the result of strife and revolution, but swept upon us silently and irresistibly by a great wave of Christian love, the social reforms will come."

History informs us that after some years the benevolent and accomplished Hadrian, the successor of Trajan as Emperor of Rome in A. D. 117, made a humane law forbidding masters to kill their slaves, and also forbidding the carrying out of the ruthless law that all the slaves of a master should be tortured and put to death when the master himself was found killed in his own house. Dr. Farrar quotes a terrible instance of this law being carried out less than two years before Paul wrote his letter to Philemon. A Præfect of Rome named Pedanius Secundus had been murdered by a slave under circumstances of great infamy that characterized that age, and in spite of the pity of the people, the senate carried out the old barbarous law re-established by the Silanian decree under Augustus, and the entire "familia" of slaves composed of four hundred human beings of every age and of both sexes were slaughtered. Subsequently, Constantine the Great (A. D. 306-336), who shortly before his death had been baptized as a Christian by Eusebius, forbade the crucifixion of slaves altogether, because he would not so dishonor the Cross.

And thus, as Christianity spread itself, it overthrew among other evils the abhorrent system of slavery without any great sudden social upheaval, and the preaching of Christ and of his gospel has brought about its own victory, for where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. Truly, as summed up by Dr. Farrar, "The religion of Christ is the Magna Charta of humanity."

Pas de Calais, France.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROHIBITION IN UTAH.

Utah has joined the movement for prohibition so manifest in the United States during the year 1908, which has voted 11,000 saloons out of existence, and added 325,000 square miles in area and 4,300,000 in population to "dry" territory. The year 1909 began with eight prohibition states, and it will likely end with nine more in line for state-wide prohibition—Utah and Idaho included, let us hope. Hon. Heber J. Grant and Rev. Fuller, officers of the National Anti-Saloon League, are hard at work, and already long petitions, containing thousands of names of citizens from various parts of Utah have come to the Legislature now in session, pleading for state-wide prohibition. Leading organizations, including the Y. M. M. I. A., have taken up the battle cry; and the fight in the Legislature will be earnest and uncompromising. A comparison of the accompanying map with one printed a year ago in the ERA will give the reader a splendid idea of the growth of the temperance movement now sweeping over the land with elements of permanence and effectiveness. It is taken from the Anti-saloon Year Book, 1909. The black states are "wet," the partly black, local option or partly "dry," and the white, "dry."

"WET" AND "DRY" MAP OF THE UNITED STATES



IN THE LIGHT OF PATRIOTISM.

A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY STORY.

BY JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

Paul Fletcher paused and looked back for a moment half-regretfully at the yellow light gleaming from the wide windows. A fine, stinging snow had begun to fall, and the cheerlessness of its touch and sight made the lonely house to which he was bent doubly uninviting. He had been urged to stay the evening through, at Archibald's, but something in the cheer and comfort and clean content of the little household jarred an uneasy strain of consciousness within him, and made him restless to depart. There had been a half embarrassment struck from the dissonant string, too. He smiled contemptuously, now, walking home through the darkness, as he recalled the cheap consciousness he had experienced of his uncouth hands at table.

He remembered, now, that it had been a cherished fad, both of his own and Archibald's, in the days of their chumming at college, this insistence on a certain nicety of appearance and habit. But to think of Archibald's having found time to keep up with them all in his after struggle with poverty—and marriage! Paul had been as punctilious as the other in the old days, but since—well, let any one go straight from the comparative leisure and incentive of college life to grubbing on 'a farm, and see how the finer instincts and resolutions hold out!

To be sure, Archibald had done it—seemingly—but that was Archibald! Determination had been his strong suit at school; and now—

Paul was a little chagrined that he had not explained his soiled collar and—the finger nails. Arch Clay was observant, you could depend; and how was he to know that the half hour to dinner time had struck while Paul was still dozing, and that there was hardly time to get thoroughly wakened and the hastiest of toilets made before the dinner hour? Paul wondered if Arch had been up all night, as he had been, if

he would have appeared so immaculately clean and dudish—but no—he would do his old chum justice. Archibald was never foppish in any sense. He had always believed that an absolute moral influence existed in physical cleanliness and the minutest details of habit, and had lived outwardly, and inwardly, as far as Paul knew, to his belief.

His own lapse, he told himself, lay in deep mental causes. He had sacrificed all the fine ideals of his young manhood to duty. If blame rested anywhere it was with the luck that had nailed him to the last line of work that his nature and desire cried out for. He had had his own high dreams, and they had been blotted out with hum-drum things that had crossed and re-crossed his life.

It had been a rebellious task from the first, that try at the scant acres left from the big estate at his father's death. Any one could see that it meant but a bare living at best; and he had given up his own ambition to his mother's desire to stay with the old place. An old glow of self-righteousness dulled for a moment the new, uneasy sense stirred in him by his visit with his old friend. Yes, he would always have that to his credit—the sacrifice of ambition to duty. If he had not done well with his life, and his old ideals, he had at least laid them on the altar of his mother's wish. He had "stayed with the old place."

The smug conceit and smothered sullenness of his self-martyrdom had really been a poison corroding his life. All his healthy young ambition and pride and courage had atrophied under its blight.

The story told itself, sentence, by sentence, in the unpatched roof, the broken windows and knobless doors of the farm house—and the farm harvests, scantier each year, till the yeild had come to be less than a livelihood.

He knew quite well what it meant when Jessie had sent for his mother to come to her. "You shall have at least a whole roof to shelter you, and a gown to wear that neighbors will not covet for carpet-rags."

The words had met his eyes in the letter that lay open on the table; and he had resented them with a sullenness that had sent his mother away wretched, after her vain attempt to defer her visit.

It was strange how he felt about his attitude tonight; the memory of her wan, troubled face, and loath departure came to him now hauntingly. He had felt justified then, in his anger, and sense of lone self-martyrdom. He told himself, then, that Jessie had never appreciated his sacrifice. She had seemed so proud of him in the college days before her marriage, and now that he was broken on that wheel of his mother's set whim, his sister had turned from him. Every one, in fact, whose opinion he had cared for, had gone back on him—but Archibald,—and

Alice. Archibald had never quite let go of him, though Paul had responded only half graciously to his ever ready friendship. He had even refused at first the invitation to take his holiday dinner with his old chum. But Arch had held out so insistently against his loneliness at the farm that he had finally won. Alice, too, had kept her faith in him—but how long would her loyalty last he asked himself—now that she was so far away? Two years! Her family had planned the long stay in the east, he knew, to break up their match.

"Shiftless." His blood tingled again at her father's talk. That word to him, who had stood first in his classes, sitting up nights and foregoing all pleasure to win out with honor in the school race. If he had had a fair chance, in fields of his own choice, no one should ever have flung the bitter words at him. And she had heard—the girl whom to lose would be the limit of desperation. It was Malcolm Steele's fault he told himself resentfully—that last night's fling at the old shack. He had gone there blind with the rage and humiliation of his dismissal, and Malcolm had himself to blame if the farm should have to go under mortgage to pay the debt. Paul, indeed, had hardly sensed the seriousness of his act last night. How he was to meet the sum he had staked, only Fate could tell.

He reached the house, and its desolateness struck him tangibly for the first time in months. There had been no fire in the front room since his mother left, and the broken pane had let in little drifts of snow on the floor.

Paul went to the shed outside and brought in an armful of kindlings, which he remembered, with strange embarrassment, his mother must have cut and stored for his use; then laid a fire. A fleeting impulse had come to him to go out, but the impression of last night's losses was heavy upon him, and he sat down moodily by the crackling fire.

The silence seemed suddenly to grow thick, and he went to the clock on the mantel and set it going, timing it by the cheap, open face watch in his vest. Ten o'clock! Why had he not stayed at Archibalds? The holiday-night spent alone for the first time in his life, seemed almost intolerable.

Presently, with an unaccustomed impulse he went to the old Bible lying on the table. It opened at a faded piece of paper, an heirloom of his mother's which he had forgotten since the time he had been allowed to commit its contents to memory before his school days. The "Declaration of Independence." How long since he had handled that heirloom, long tenderly cherished! Penned on a mammoth page of paper with many flourishes, and finished in elegant scroll work,—the task of a great

grandfather renowned in his day for "art penmanship," it bore the old patriot classic dear to every American heart, done in the penman's best style. Paul skimmed over its well known passages.

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!" Thousands of lives had been given to win men that privilege. Today, more than a century since its achievement millions of hearts were celebrating with one acclaim the memory of the man who had braved the hardships, and rigors and perils of war, to say nothing of the contumely of enemies and criticism of friends, to bring to his fellow-countrymen the boon voiced in that paper before him.

The thought peirced Paul's heart like an arrow. Yes, he had had that privilege himself; and today he was shackled worse than any whom that patriot war had made free. A slave to Jed Thacker's "shack" with its bond of beer bottles, pipes, gambling and boon companions:—that had been *his* use of the gift of freedom.

But think, the old voice whispered,—think of your peculiar trial and temptation. Would not most people sink under the discouragement of this special sacrifice? Let any one try those five years of common toil, with the discouragement of lost ideals: it would take a hero to bear up under them—and he had had the spirit of heroism effectually snuffed out.

The "shack" and its allurements had been his only pastime—a man working as he had done, surely needed some recreation. As for taking up the struggle of retrieval now—well it was too late. The farm was all but ruined—spite of his toil; and as for himself, well, he had drifted too long now, to pick up oars for the kind of pull it would take to head up stream. He knew, of course, all the old arguments for reform; his mother and others had preached them to him to his nausea. Archibald Clay was in fact the only one of his old associates, who had not "felt to say a word" to him about his conduct; and Arch, of all people, had been the one to put him most to shame. Arch with his dogged persistence in living up to the least of his ideals, had brought the deep pangs that were rending him tonight.

If only last night's fling at the "shack" had been his winning, he might have had a chance to retrieve—but now, there would be but one way out of the debt—and to mortgage the farm meant to lose it. If he had not made it pay more than a living before, how was it to pay off a mortgage in future?

His eye ran down the scroll in his hand. The penman had been more than skilled in his lost art; he had worked under the inspiration of the patriotic time of that struggle for independence. Paul had seen the

picture often, in his childhood, the tall, straight figure of the immortal commander in the boat on his perilous way across the river to surprise the enemy—but never before had it meant a message to himself. Think of the odds against that great soul in this struggle for human freedom! And the struggle had been for him—Paul Fletcher—as much as for the little band of colonists in that far time.

The clock ticked on towards midnight; it lacked indeed but two minutes of the hour when Paul roused to note its voice. The dreaded holiday was spent. He watched the hands creep whilst the pendulum ticked out the last seconds of the day, a strange expression deepening in his face. Then suddenly, he threw up his hands.

"The hero of this day earned me my freedom," he said aloud in a choked voice. "Please God, I will have it—and keep it."

Early the next day Paul went down to the local newspaper with an advertisement. It stated that the Fletcher farm would be held for lease to the right tenant at reasonable terms and for a period included within three years. It was the time Paul had figured as being necessary to wipe out his gambling debt, with the salary he might be able to earn apart from the farm rental. This last, he was determined, should be put away for his mother.

On his way home from the newspaper office he stopped at the town store and from its nondescript departments selected a strange medley of articles.

All that day from the farm house resounded the tap of hammer and the swish of brush; and when nightfall came, some of the cheerless rooms had taken new aspect. A two days' thaw gave him his chance at the roof, and in that time a half dozen windows were redeemed from yawning gaps, a new gate swung from taut hinges, and a new doorstep displaced the rickety approach to the veranda.

The advertisement in the *Morning Record* had set the town agog with curiosity, and the many people who passed and repassed the house, as if for visual corroboration, received it in the sight of the changes wrought by Paul's hands.

The tenant for the farm appeared even before Paul was prepared; but a few days after the signing of the lease, Paul was in the capital city ready for the work he had mapped out. It had needed only his old school professor's guarantee of the fine ability he had evinced in the business college to win him a place; and once installed, his proficiency in bookkeeping won him the firm's confidence. He heard occasionally from home in letters from Amos Stone, an old friend of his father's,

whose word of faith had done much to put him on his feet. But no word came from Alice; and often his heart hungered for a word to lighten the dreary routine of seemingly hopeless toil. He had given his word not to address her and he would keep it with the rest of the things he had set himself to do. There was scant pleasure in the path he had mapped out, save in his own satisfaction of fighting for the things worth while. His salary, outside of an economical living, dropped into the big gambling debt; and sometimes, when the voice of old temptations came to him in sights of the city's familiar vices, it was a hard battle, with loneliness on their side against him.

Then one day came a letter which seemed to promise the overthrow of his whole scheme of redemption. It was from the farm tenant, stating that he had been sent by his company to Mexico, a change that had upset his own cherished plans. The lease, in fact, had been made a monthly one, in view of this possible emergency; and with only a month's notice to prepare for it all.

This month passed without sign of a tenant; and on the first of July Paul left a substitute in his position, and went home to look after the farm. This vigilance he had promised himself, for his mother's sake.

The home place seemed to Paul to be made over new, though no more than the mere needful care of the gardens and field was in evidence. The home fever surged strangely in Paul at sight of the young grass, and lettuce hedges, and all the sweet, succulent things of earth.

As he came out into their freshness in the early mornings, the thought of his stuffy office and stuffier room at the cheap boarding house in the city seemed an actual nightmare. The first real yearning he had ever felt for the farm life with its outdoor activities and freedom, came to him—a vain dream now, in the light of his sore needs. A homesick longing took possession of him to reap from the old place—his birth-right—the redemption he had promised himself from all his past bondage. He lay through sleepless nights trying to plan a way, but always with the old hopelessness coming back to haunt—money. If he only had money. The thought and fever for it was on him often when he met some of the old familiar figures of Jed Thacker's "shack."

An old temptation beckoned in the thought of some sudden spell of luck redeeming all things. Jed had made ineffectual attempts to bring Paul back to the old haunts. Jeers, and the allurements of exciting pastimes and possible fortune, were among the baits—but Paul's steady resolution held finally against them all.

The attitude of his townspeople was itself an incentive. At first skeptical and distrustful, his old friends had kept note of his steadfast

attempt to retrieve himself, and thanks to Archibald and a few other staunch standbys, had come to take him seriously and helped him by their trust.

The way seemed long and dreary, stretching out as it did under the shadow of debt, and his scant salary, but one word whispering in his conscience kept him from going back. Freedom! It had been won for him—and it should be his to keep.

Suddenly it all came to him in a flash, through a chance word dropped by Amos Stone, one day in his office.

"We need a private school here where some of our farm boys who have kept at the grindstone can get a little learning without going up to the city and posing in classes for the amusement of the smarter ones," Amos had said. The very thing; why had he not thought of it before? The farm house with its many rooms would accommodate just such a proposition.

He snatched at it eagerly, and in an hour's time with Amos' help had the whole scheme mapped. There was only one drawback—the money. It would take plenty of that to get the house into working shape, what with repairs and furniture. The drawback was met with Amos Stone's blunt kindness.

"You'll have to raise the money with a mortgage, my boy, and raise it quick enough to get your place ship-shape before September. I'll give you more than any one else on it—and I'll advance five hundred dollars on it while you're writing down to get your mother's signature to the papers. It will all take time, and you can't afford to let grass grow on the enterprise. Your scheme looks practical to me and I'll back it with my confidence and help. You'll get all the boys in the county that have any grit to 'em, and you'd better get your advertisements out today, and then go up town and dicker for furniture. If the school don't pay for it, you can let your rooms to summer boarders next year, to help along."

The newspaper office visited, and the legal papers on their way south, Paul went next to lay an important problem. His mother was to spend another year in Arizona, and this left the question of house-keeping to outside help.

Martha Timsbury! If he could persuade her—

It was easier than he had dared hope. The woman had been cook for the household in the farm's palmy days, and had retired on a competence acquired through her long faithfulness. She had yearned over Paul like one of her own blood—a devotion nurtured through his childhood, and his reform had been the joy of her maturer years. She

was, in fact, rejoiced to meet half way any effort of Paul's to redeem himself.

"I've always said the true grit was there, if it was once struck," she beamed, "and I'd work the nails off my hands if I thought 'twould help to put you on your feet."

The week's end brought a letter from his mother that gave Paul a night of black depression. It was his mother's patient acceptance of the act that meant perhaps the final overthrow of her dearest hope; and Paul, reading between the lines, saw the hard sacrifice of her ideal to his welfare. It brought up memories of his thoughtless acceptance of her many devotions, her suffering and sacrifice. He blushed to think of the menial toil he had permitted her to do, excusing himself for all on his plea of self-martyrdom. How blind and weak he had been!

He made his trip to the city the next day, resigning his position with the town firm, and purchasing furniture. By the middle of August the place was trim from cellar to garret, and with Martha to keep things straight, seemed like a paradise. Several applications, too, had come, and by the first of October, when the school had been scheduled to open, a dozen young fellows met in the farm front-room and signed for "bed and board and schooling" for the winter term.

By the first of November Paul had the attic fitted up with cots for his added pupils. The project was "paying;" and Paul, for the first time, worked with the will of love and loyalty to his profession. His pupils, young fellows ranging from nineteen to thirty, were mostly good material; and to see these fine-grained boys, deprived by circumstance of the privilege or opportunity of school training, develop under the system he had planned, and which he carried out with all his old persistency of night and day devotion, was something which stirred his own ambition and manhood to higher effort.

He had one struggle during the first term. Bert Allred, a young fellow of twenty-four years, up from one of the further counties, demurred at the house regulations which Paul had hung in the hall, and which covered manners as well as morals.

It commenced one morning at breakfast, when Paul and the others at table had noted the resonance of Bert's mastication, the equal impartiality with which he used knife and fork in its process, and the haste in absorbing his victuals which betokened almost a wild fear that some unseen presence hovered near at hand ready to snatch them from his plate.

Nothing was said at table, but after the meal Paul handed Bert one of the house cards, with the list of required regulations. In it

Paul had emphasized emphatically the table manners of his boarders; the aim of the establishment to keep a high standard even in minute deportment, and the request that each lend his effort to keep up this aim.

Bert read the rules in Paul's presence with a vicious light coming into his eye. He made no comment, but at the noon meal his exaggeration of his previous performance in mastication, his unkempt hair and collar, and a general disregard of the house rules, was the entertainment of the entire table. This was repeated at supper, and the others, who had fallen willingly into line with Paul's effort, watched the young principal curiously to see the outcome. Paul made no visible sign; but an hour later he sent a request to Allred to come for a chat in his room. In reality he feared the worst. Stubborn and unyielding in disposition, and with all the native contempt for anything that savored of "finicky, high-toned folks," Bert would be a hard case. The look of dogged stubbornness was in his face as he entered the room, and he stretched himself out on the sofa with an exaggeration of indifference and waited for Paul to speak.

The first words took the sneer from his lips.

"You expect to go on a mission some time, don't you, Bert?" Paul said.

"That's the chief reason I am here," said Bert.

"Want to fit yourself to make a creditable showing out there in the world where you will be sent?"

"That's the straight ticket," said Bert, decisively; and then as Paul was silent, went on: "I came here to get enough learning to hold my own in the world, and do credit to my religion. I didn't set out to go to any girl's seminary, or learn seminary manners."

"You looked over the rules of the establishment, did you?"

"First thing; and made up my mind right then I wouldn't be locoed into no dandified manners. I didn't come way over from Grenville county to waste time on fancy etiquette."

"Bert, you said just now, you wanted to fit yourself to be a credit to the Church. There's no thing on earth that will stand for it like personal example, conduct, appearance,—manners. The boys who go abroad as missionaries meet all sorts and conditions of people,—the worst and the best. We want to convert the best as well as the others."

"I don't just see what bearing missionary work has on the matter in hand," interrupted Bert.

"It has this to do with it that means—everything. There isn't a thing in manners or morals, or anything else, that the gospel doesn't include. We should be careful of its demands in every jot and tittle.

You remember the chief of our tenets, 'If there is anything lovely or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.'

"You're stretching your argument to a thread," said Bert stubbornly. "It's too thin for me."

"It's this, Bert," said Paul, "there's a certain standard set by the best minds in all things—living, education—culture. It's imperative on all of us to line ours by the highest in any direction. Manners are more important things in the world's intercourse than we think."

"I don't see any use in 'em—and never could," spurted Bert. "Whenever I see anybody finicky in them ways, I always take it they ain't good for much else."

Paul laughed good humoredly. "When you get to reading history, Bert, you'll be surprised to know that some big things in the world's destiny have turned on the 'finicky' things. Many a courtier in a king's court has failed in a life's quest because of the depth of his obeisance to his monarch. To come nearer home, I heard that one of our missionaries abroad, who had been successful in interesting a family of good birth and breeding, in the gospel, failed with them finally, because when they took him into their home as a guest his manners were so offensive that the family became convinced that if the people he represented were such as he, they wished never to be associated with them. The poor fellow had had no one to tell him that the uses of a handkerchief are essentially private, and in a dining room the next thing to barbarism."

Bert stared in silence.

"A girl told me at college," went on Paul, "a story that I've always remembered. Her sister had been taken with one of the professors there—a man of fine education and character. Everybody expected a match, but suddenly the affair broke up.

"What's up with Mellinger and Bessie?" I asked her sister."

"Oh, she had him down to dinner Sunday for the first time."

"Well?" I asked, as she stopped conclusively.

"She thought she couldn't stand a piece of live pork opposite her at table for life."

Bert sat still, silently staring.

"You see, it all counts, Bert. The minutest trifles spell big things sometimes—and there's nothing like being on the right side. Besides, I've always some idea like this—that we as a people should show the best standards in everything. We're a light on a hill, you know, that cannot be hid. There isn't a thing about us that doesn't count—and we want to be mighty careful it all counts on the right side."

Both were silent a moment, then Bert rose to go.

The next morning at breakfast the change was so notable that all knew the best side had won.

That the inmates were satisfied with the regime at the Fletcher Institute was signified by the expressions of all at their departure in the early spring; and not one but declared his intention to return the following autumn.

The nearness of the town to the mountains made the Fletcher place, as Amos Stone had predicted, a favorite summer retreat for people from the capital. Martha proved her devotion by staying on, and the "Fletcher Farm table" became a name to conjure by.

A bigger piece of luck, too, than this, came in an offer for lots on the homestead, the three or four acres furnishing plenty of room for segregation. Paul staked them into lots, keeping a plentiful piece of garden and lawn for the homestead, and wrote the plan to his mother. She was, as usual, quick to meet Paul's desires; and as he knew this plan a better one than further attempt to make a living from the farm, he went on with the work.

Only one piece was reserved from sale besides the home spot. That was a little lot bordering the clear canyon stream with clumps of big cottonwood making plentiful shade and verdure. As things looked now, he might never need it; but if Alice came home unchanged, and Malcolm Steel's confidence returned, a cosy home might some time nestle under the big trees—which should not know alien feet.

Paul's improvement had made the farmland "desirable," especially for the "summer homes" now blossoming into a fad with the wealthier city people, and it was not long before the available space was taken up.

Another winter's work with the school finished the mortgage and gambling debts, and with this cleared, and the Fletcher prospects humming, Paul sent for his mother. There were only two of them to know what that greeting and the summing up of all Paul's effort meant. Redemption showed in every line of Paul's face, and every detail of his charge, and the tried mother came back to the most absolute content she had known in years.

There was another homecoming later; and when Paul left Malcolm Steele after their long talk, it was to guide Alice's footsteps to the spot under the big cottonwoods where they would build their nest.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SHOULD EXCLUSIVE CLUBS BE ORGANIZED BY CHURCH MEMBERS?

Should exclusive clubs be organized by Church members? If permissible at all, what class of clubs should be endorsed by the ward or stake authorities, and what steps should be taken by the organizers?

The questions are asked by a stake president and his counselors who state that their attention has been called by some of the bishops of their stake to the fact that in some wards exclusive clubs have been organized by the sisters, principally young ladies, without the consent of, and without consultation with, the authorities of the ward. It is further stated that some members of these clubs are not in sympathy with the Church, and seem unwilling to accept the authority of the Priesthood. Still others are actively engaged in Sunday School and M. I. A. work. It is felt that with those who are Church members the effect of membership in these clubs detracts, in a measure at least, from their ecclesiastical interests and duties.

None will deny that there are enough organizations in the Church to suffice both for young and old, and for men and women. The complaint is rather that there are too many. Therefore, any organization, either secret or open, outside of those instituted by the Church would appear to be superfluous as well as unnecessary, if not also burdensome, and should be discouraged among the young men as well as among the young ladies. Besides, they tend to alienate the youth from the Church, to fasten their affections on associations that are narrower and less democratic in their nature than those of the Church. They tend to the establishment of classes, cliques, and clans, and to the cultivation of selfishness instead of the broad love and care for all, so characteristic of

membership in the Church organizations. The youth of Zion should be encouraged to prove loyal to the organizations instituted for their benefit, not only because it is for their own best good, but because such a course is most beneficial to the general community.

If objections are made that the Mutual Improvement and other organizations do not meet the social needs of the members, then let there be such changes in present methods as will satisfy all the legitimate desires of the young people for social, artistic, literary and home entertainment and education. This can easily be arranged by proper gradation of the classes, and by allowing the membership the freedom under the organization that will provide congenial companionship in every line of development, as well as in social affairs.

It would seem, for example, that a class belonging to the Mutual Improvement Associations could as well arrange, under their organization, for amusement, study, culture, refinement of manners and social intercourse, in the homes of the members, as could be provided by outside clubs. They could do it much better, for there is a bond of love and fellowship where one gathers under the operation of the spirit of the gospel, that can never be found under other influences and conditions. Such meetings would not tend to alienate the members from the ward organization, but would rather create enthusiasm and loyalty for it, and for the general membership, while at the same time providing for that more exclusive social companionship which friends of like tendencies so enjoy.

There is no need of exclusive clubs among the Latter-day Saints. The many auxiliary organizations should be made to supply every legitimate public, social and amusement want of the young people, and, in addition to the regular Church and quorum meetings, should meet every religious and ethical educational need of our community.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

SATURDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

There is a tendency recently among the wards of the Church to have amusements,—such as dances, entertainments, socials, and

parties,—on Saturday evenings. This tendency should be strongly discouraged by the Presidents of stakes, Bishops of wards, and by officers of the various quorums and organizations. Some other evening of the week should be chosen for the purpose, because Saturday night amusements interfere with Sunday worship, devotion and spirituality. They not only interfere with attendance at Sunday schools but also detract from the worship of the Lord in the Sacrament meetings, the most important gatherings that we have.

It is incumbent on members of the Church to so plan their work that there shall be no excuse for robbing the Lord's day of its sanctity. To this end let the boys and girls have a half holiday during the week, which may be profitably used for recreations, leaving the Sabbath for spiritual culture and worship. It is equally obligatory that we so plan our amusements that these shall not interfere with our worship. Let therefore some other night than Saturday be provided for the purpose. The Lord has commanded his people to observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and on that day to go to the house of prayer and offer up their sacraments in righteousness with willing hearts and penitent spirits:

For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High;

Nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times;

But remember that on this the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord.

And on this day thou shalt do none other thing only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full.

Verily, this is fasting and prayer; or in other words, rejoicing and prayer.

The Saints can ill afford to lose or relinquish the blessings that are promised, contingent upon the keeping of this commandment with thankfulness and cheerful countenances. The promise is that inasmuch as they observe it, the fulness and every good thing that comes out of the earth shall be theirs for food, raiment, and supplies; and furthermore, by doing this and other works of righteousness, they shall receive as their reward, peace in this world and eternal life in the world to come.

Above all things, then, we must not permit our amusements to interfere with our devotions on the Sabbath day. Hence, let us abandon Saturday evening entertainments, and devote the time to such preparations for the Sabbath as shall be in keeping with the sacredness of the day, and the commandments of the Lord.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder Alma T. Jones writes from Grahamstown, Cape Colony, South Africa, November 23, 1908: "There may be ERA readers who would be interested in a



Alma T. Jones. Orson M. Rogers.

note from South Africa—Ethiopia, the land inhabited mainly by the sons of Ham. Although the majority of the people here are colored, yet our labors are almost exclusively confined to the white people. At present we are represented by elders in the following cities: Woodstock, where the mission headquarters are located, which city, strictly speaking, is a suburb of Cape Town; Kimberley, the city noted for its diamond mines; Bloemfontein, a typical Dutch city; Queenstown and Grahamstown. The last named city is being canvassed by Elder Orson M. Rogers and myself. We have met with a great deal of opposition, but still we have

every reason to rejoice: our labors have not been fruitless by any means. We have many friends who are convinced of the divinity of our message, and who will, we believe, soon be numbered with God's chosen people. We look forward, every month, to the coming of our welcome friend, the ERA.

Elder George W. Simons writes from Bloemfontein, South Africa, October 5, that he is having great comfort and joy in his mission labors, notwithstanding some opposition from ministers and others who are publishing ridiculous tales about the elder. The elders hold from sixteen to twenty meetings each month, besides visiting families every evening and afternoon. The mornings are spent in

tracting. They expected soon to hold baptism services, at which ten were to be added to the branch which they had established, making a total of twenty-six souls. There are twelve elders from Zion, but they are scattered so far apart that they cannot get together very often. They were in hopes, however, of gathering at Christmas in their first conference in South Africa. At the time of writing, the flowers were in bloom, and all the trees in full leaf, as the spring season was just beginning. They expected to have strawberries for Christmas. There is fruit all the year round. The elders are enjoying themselves and think that the South African mission is the best on earth. They are working hard to place the people in possession of the truth.

Elders Thomas E. Orton, North Ogden, and Edgar J. Alder, Preston, were arrested about December 14, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, for selling tracts without a license. They pleaded not guilty in the police court, and being unable to obtain \$200 bail were sent to jail, where they received severe treatment from the other thirty prisoners. Elder Orton was seized and given ten lashes with a large strap. Their conference president finally secured their release, but they were to stand trial later. What the result was, we have not learned.

Just after Christmas, a prominent doctor of Chicago called at the Mission office, 149 So. Paulina St., desirous of learning something of 'Mormonism.' He stated that some three years ago he purchased a Book of Mormon which he placed in his library, where it remained unread until Christmas eve'. At that time he was looking for a Voice of Warning, which he had also placed in his library. He is a member of the Redman's Lodge, and desired information about the American Indians. While searching for the Voice of Warning, he came across the Book of Mormon. He took it down and read the testimony of the Three Witnesses; he became interested, and spent some time reading the book that evening. Sunday evening he attended our services and after returning home continued his reading of the book. It is his opinion, after thus perusing it, that it could not have been written by any man without inspired assistance. He is past fifty years of age, and so far has not affiliated with any of the sects, because he cannot harmonize the doctrines taught by them with the teachings of the Bible. The Book of Mormon is an inspired record, and sooner or later must be accepted by the world as such. The promise is unto all, that if they will read the book with a sincere desire to know of its divinity, God will make the truth manifest unto them. The Book of Mormon contains the gospel of Jesus Christ, and it cannot be read without inspiring its readers with noble thoughts and a desire to lead upright and virtuous lives.

The following report of the Northern Illinois Conference, of the Northern States Mission, for the year 1908, is sent to the ERA by the president, Elder Joseph Campbell:

We have distributed 2,540 Books of Mormon, 145 other standard works, 9,932 other books, 133,835 tracts, 8,073 copies of *Liahona*; taken 426 *Liahona*

subscriptions; 55,800 families visited, 8,122 families revisited; spent 16,423 hours tracting, 16,673 hours gospel conversation, 4,826 hours with the Saints, 10,600 hours of study; held 67,523 gospel conversations, held 837 hall, 837 cottage, 598 open air, 118 priesthood, and 28 fast meetings; 17 children blest and 35 baptisms.

We have been very successful in meeting the people of Northern Illinois and have received good treatment. Many times during the summer months we traveled without purse or scrip. After our elders have gone through the towns and cities the people have spoken very highly of them, stating that they never saw cleaner, more honest, conscientious young men than the "Mormon" elders who left impressions that will never be forgotten.

In the city of Chicago we have been very successful in getting the Book of Mormon catalogued in several of the largest mail houses, through which we are now receiving good return for our labors. We look forward for the time to come when the Book of Mormon will be as common in the homes of the people as the Bible is today.

We rejoice in the excellent work that has been done in this conference during the year 1908. In Chicago we have one of the best Sunday Schools in the Church outside of the stakes of Zion, and we rejoice in the excellent work being done among the school students who are in Chicago to study, and who come to our school.

Less than a year ago we had three families in Joliet, now we have a branch numbering thirty-five, with excellent prospects of increasing our number. A good work is being done in that city. At present we have elders located also in Rockford, where the prospects are bright, and where the elders report a good work being done.

During the past two weeks, at our services in the Chicago branch, we have had a great many visitors, as high as twenty-five people who are classed among the most intelligent. During the past ten days two Chicago doctors have been investigating the gospel and have become so thoroughly convinced of the truth of our doctrine that we look to see them become members of the Church. In our conversation with them we learned that they have been thorough investigators of the various doctrines of Christianity, but up to the time of their attending our services and reading our literature, their souls had not been satisfied. One of the doctors states that he is now fifty years of age and was being tossed to and fro on the sea of confusion, in a religious world. The most intelligent, the thinking classes of people, are becoming much impressed with the principles of the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints. We feel sure that the time is rapidly approaching when many will be brought into the Church.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the Saints and elders for the good support they have given me in my labors, and I wish them a happy and prosperous New Year, with every blessing which it is their right and privilege to receive. I also extend best wishes to the ERA, and wish you every success.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE.

To the Quorums of Seventy.—Your attention has undoubtedly been called to the fact that a great movement has just been inaugurated by the presiding authorities of the Church with the object in view of improving the various priesthood quorums.

For a number of years past there has been a strong feeling among the presiding brethren, and with many observing members of the Church, that closer attention should be given the quorums, and that work of a more systematic and educational character should be introduced, such as would hold the attention of the brethren, prove interesting as a study, and gradually give to the members of the quorum a fuller and more comprehensive understanding of the duties pertaining to their various callings.

Several months ago a committee was appointed by the First Presidency to prepare outlines of work for the quorums of the Aaronic priesthood and for the Elders and High Priests of the Melchizedek priesthood. This committee has accomplished the task assigned it, and the result of its work is a splendid course of instruction for each of the quorums named.

The launching of this praiseworthy work has brought up the question as to the time of meeting of the quorums of Seventy. Some prominent brethren feel that it would be an advantage to the movement if the quorums of Seventy were to hold their meetings at the same time and under the same general rules governing all the other quorums. This question has been freely discussed by the presiding authorities of the Church, and by them it has been unanimously decided that the Seventies unite with the other quorums in the holding of their class and quorum meetings.

You are therefore instructed to make such arrangements as may be necessary to have the members of your quorum meet with the priesthood of the ward, or wards, where they reside on Monday night of each week. The plan is for all the brethren holding the priesthood to meet conjointly for opening exercises in their respective wards under the direction of the Bishop. After these exercises, the various quorums are to separate for class work under the direction of their presidents, as heretofore.

The Seventies' second year book will continue to be the line of study for the quorums of the Seventy. Other text books will be prepared, under the direction of the First Council, for use in class exercises, as may be necessary in the future.

We feel to commend most heartily the splendid work that has been accomplished by the Seventies during the past fifteen months. We hope all of our brethren will give earnest and cheerful support to this new move, endeavoring to make the success of the future surpass all former records. The new working conditions are to begin the first Monday in February.

The success of our work will depend very largely upon unity of action. We urge, brethren, that you avoid creating any obstacles; go to work with determination to remove all hindrances that you may see before you, remembering that this movement has not only the endorsement of the presiding authorities of the Church, but that it has also been approved by a vote of the priesthood of the entire Church as represented in the general conference priesthood meeting of April last.

We regard this movement as of great importance and as one that marks the dawn of a new era. The quorums of the Priesthood are to assume their proper place and take the lead in the theological training of their members and in qualifying them for their respective duties and callings in the Church.

SEYMOUR B. YOUNG,

In behalf of the First Council of Seventy.

Salt Lake City, Utah. January 8, 1909.

Monday Night Meetings.—Beginning Monday evening, February 1, 1909, all the Seventies are requested to meet in their respective wards conjointly with the other quorums of the Priesthood for opening exercises, after which they will separate and conduct their regular class exercises.

Seventies Quorum Meetings.—Presidents of quorums are to understand that the new arrangement for the holding of class meetings on Monday night of each week is not intended to do away with quorum meetings. Where a full quorum resides in a ward, each meeting will, of course, be an official quorum meeting. Where a quorum district covers two or more wards, it will be necessary to provide at regular intervals for the full quorum to meet in an official capacity. In compact districts there should be a meeting of this character once a month; in widely scattered districts, once in three months. Where quorum meetings are held but once in three months, it is suggested that they be held at the time of holding stake conferences. A regular time should be designated for these quorum gatherings, and an understanding arrived at with local authorities in relation to the matter. On such occasions, concise, comprehensive reports should be given, covering the work accomplished in the several class meetings during the month, or three months, as the case may be. All such reports should be particularly noted by the secretary, and recorded in the official record of the quorum. Where quorum meetings are held once every month, Monday night is to be the time for such meetings, and the regular lesson for that date is to be considered.

No Classes for Acting Ward Teachers.—There is a wrong impression out in some localities regarding the duty of acting teachers in connection with the new Priesthood movement. In a stake recently visited by one of the presiding

brethren, it was found that classes for acting teachers had been organized in the wards. The local authorities expected the brethren of all quorums who were laboring as acting teachers, to give allegiance to these classes in preference to their various quorum classes. This is a mistaken view. There are no classes for acting teachers in connection with the Priesthood meetings on Monday night. No outlines have been prepared for any such classes. Ordained teachers are to meet in their respective quorums for class exercises. Acting teachers are to meet in the priesthood quorum classes to which they belong. If the acting teachers in the various wards throughout the Church were to meet in classes provided for ordained teachers, the various quorums of the Melchizedek priesthood would be seriously hampered in their work, and in very many cases the class work of these quorums would be entirely broken up, for the reason that quite a percentage of the wide awake, active brethren who are Elders, Seventies or High Priests, are engaged in the work assigned to the ward teachers. The brethren of the Seventies are expected to meet in the wards where they reside on Monday night of each week in the Seventies classes, and continue the work that has been outlined for them in the Second Year Book of the Seventies' Course in Theology.

HON. REED SMOOT RE-ELECTED SENATOR.

The Republican Legislative caucus on the 18th of January, chose Senator Reed Smoot by acclamation to succeed himself as United States Senator. On the following day the Senate and the House unanimously elected him. Hon. Carl A. Badger making the nominating speech in the Senate, and Hon. John H. Wootton in the House. On Wednesday, January 20, the Joint Assembly ratified the election, and President Gardner and Speaker Robinson signed his certificate of election, declaring him legally Senator from Utah. There are only two Democrats in the Legislature and these, Hon. David H. Morris and Fletcher B. Hammond, voted for Hon. Wm. H. King. The re-election of Senator Smoot is a fitting tribute to his ability, and his careful labors for Utah, and will meet with enthusiastic approval throughout the state.

NOTABLE BIRTHDAYS.

Some great literary men first saw the light of day a hundred years ago: Among them, Edgar Allen Poe, January 19; Alfred Tennyson, August 6; Oliver Wendell Holmes, August 29; and then there were the great statesmen, William Ewart Gladstone, December 29; and Abraham Lincoln, February 12. In the preliminary programs, and as topics for special occasions, members of the Y. M. M. I. A. will find these characters suitable subjects for consideration and study. In this connection, on page 116 in the Junior Manual, a number of 19th century literary men of England and America are named. In several of the dates wrong figures have crept in. Let the boys in the Junior class verify and correct them.

MUTUAL WORK.

WARD OFFICERS' MISSIONARY WORK.

Elder James C. Hansen spoke as follows on this important topic at the Bear River convention:

Missionary work in the ward must begin with the ward president; he must not think that he is out of it because he has appointed some one to do the work; but he must work with the young men and strive with all his strength to make them believe that Mutual Improvement is the main thing in the ward. It is talking about things in the right way that makes them popular. A business man must advertise his business, if it shall pay. But, like the merchant, we must have the goods advertised, and when we get the boys into the organization strive to interest them. The merchant would be foolish to try to sell to a common laborer a silk hat. We must furnish the members of our association what they require, must not frighten them, but make the lessons so that they can understand them. When we get a new member, presidents and officers should go out of their way to be sociable with him. It goes a good ways, if you can make the new members feel at home. A man may labor ever so diligently as a missionary to induce boys to come to the meeting, but finding nothing to interest them there, they will not attend again.

It should be the object of those responsible to secure and interest suitable leaders in the various departments of the work,—such as regular class work, recreation, amusement, special exercises in meetings, etc. The teachers are very important; a man's learning does not always signify what kind of a teacher he is. He must have the talent for teaching, as well as the necessary requirements. First of all, he must love the work, and he must love the boys. He must at all times bear in mind that the object of Mutual Improvement work is to make Latter-day Saints; hence, he must keep the spirit of the Lord with him, and work under its direction.

Be careful in the selection of teachers, and if you find you have made a mistake, don't fear to say so, and even request the teacher to resign. It would be a great mistake to sacrifice the boys to save the feelings of a teacher.

It is our duty to socially intermingle with the prospective members and form an acquaintance with them, so that our influence may be felt for their uplifting and betterment. This is the keynote to good missionary work, to socially intermingle with them. Do not fear soiling your coat sleeve by putting your arm around the boy. Everything may be accomplished by love, and nothing without it. I believe the first thing to do is to make a boy your friend; if you cannot do this, you may just as well abandon missionary work before you spend more time; but if you can really and truly make him your friend, the battle is half won. If you can gain his respect and confidence and make him believe you are really interested in him, you stand a good show of winning. If he has weaknesses, help him to overcome them, not by constantly telling him about them, but by showing him a better way.

If he falls, help him up; if he falls again, help him up again; let your love be Christ-like, and be willing to help and forgive seventy and seven times if necessary. If he loves play, play with him; and be also interested in his work. Go with him to his amusements, be a boy again with him, but show him there is happiness in being good. If he spends his time in the saloon or in other evil ways,

try to show him how to have a better time, in better places, and teach him by precept and example that true happiness does not come through evil channels.

Spend a little money and much time, if necessary; don't think you are doing too much. Remember the missionaries who spend years, and hundreds of dollars, and often do not baptize one soul.

Remember the real aim and object is to interest indifferent and careless boys in our work, with a view to their becoming active members of the association. If they can sing, have them come and sing. If they can play some musical instrument, have them come and play. Show them that you need them, and that you miss them when they are absent. It is often a great uplift to boys to feel that they are some good in the world.

Officers should always keep in view the fact that the Mutual Improvement work is for the salvation of the souls of men, and that when we accept an office we are accepting a mission, in which we should expect to work as diligently as we would if we were going to a foreign land. Arouse no antagonism by overpersistence; nor by too early requiring labor at the hands of new members. As interest is shown by them, offer your assistance with the lessons, if necessary, and always show them that you have an interest in their welfare.

THE ERA THE ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND THE Y. M. M. I. A.

Now that the quorums of the priesthood are engaged in the formal study of theology, and meet weekly with this commendable object in view, there arises a need for a means of communication between the general officers who have the study and the direction of the quorums in hand, and the members and teachers of the quorums. This need, it has been decided by the Presidency of the Church, the Presiding Bishopric, the committee on course of study for the Priesthood, and the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., will be supplied by the IMPROVEMENT ERA which from this date on becomes the organ of the Priesthood quorums and the Y. M. M. I. A.

A department in the magazine will be devoted to the interests of the quorums, in which methods of teaching, answers to questions, and other instructions and information will be given. Presidents of stakes, bishops and quorum officers and members are invited to take notice of this arrangement. All correspondence for this department should be sent to the editor of the ERA, Salt Lake City, Utah.

All subscriptions to the ERA and all orders for Priesthood Courses of Study and M. I. A. Manuals should be sent to Alpha J. Higgs, No. 214 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City.

THE Y. M. M. I. A. FOR STATE-WIDE PROHIBITION.

At a meeting of the General Board, held January 13, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, that we, the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, declare ourselves to be unqualifiedly in favor of state-wide Prohibition and that we each of us pledge ourselves to use our influence to secure the passage of a prohibition law. And further

Resolved, that we request all Mutual Improvement Associations to use all the proper influence at their command for the accomplishment of this end.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Donald G. Mitchell Dead.—On December 15, "Ike Marvel," aged 86, author of *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and *Dream Life*, published more than fifty years ago, died. He wrote eighteen books, the last of which was published in 1897. His reflective essays were full of charm and attracted many readers in consequence of their splendid literary style.

Turkey Hails Liberty.—The assembling of the Turkish Parliament, December 17, by the Sultan, in person, marks the fulfilment of the recent promise of a constitutional government in Turkey. The Sultan was present in person, and the day was observed as a general holiday. Children sang the Hymn of Liberty as the Sultan drove by, and all the ceremonies were impressive. The lower house was elected by popular vote.

Postal Deficit.—The United States postal deficit for the year ended June, 1908, as announced by the Postmaster-General amounted to \$16,910,279, the largest in the history of the department. Ten millions are accounted for in the increase of compensation of employees. The postmaster-general believes that the establishment of a special local parcel-post on rural routes would ultimately wipe out the deficit, and make the rural delivery self-sustaining.

Cost of the Presidential Campaigns.—From official figures filed at Albany by the respective treasurers, it is made public that the late Republican National Committee for the recent campaign received in contributions \$1,665,518.27; and the Democratic Committee \$620,664.77. This, of course, does not include state, county, city, precinct and other local contributions which if known would doubtless swell the cost of the campaign many millions.

The Eighth Legislature.—Following close upon the heels of the inauguration of Governor William Spry and other state officers, January 4, came the opening of the Eighth Legislative Assembly, on January 11, at noon. Senator Henry Gardner, of Utah County, was elected president of the Senate; and Representative E. W. Robinson of Cache County, speaker of the House. Among the many important measures that will likely come before this Legislature, will be the questions of Prohibition, the regulation of railway rates, and good roads.

The Remodeled 14th Ward Chapel.—The old, historical 14th ward meetinghouse in Salt Lake City, built in 1862, has been remodeled, the work of change having begun last September. Special services were held in the new building January 3, and on the 6th a sociable, with a fine program in the chapel, and dancing in the amusement hall in the basement, was successfully carried out, and which was a reunion of the old and young members of the ward, as well as for former members, for whom it was a joyous "home coming."

The Atlantic Fleet.—The battleship fleet left Manila December 1, 1908. It touched Colombo, Ceylon, and proceeded to Suez, thence to Port Said, after which it was divided into squadrons, and it was expected it would make a series of calls at Athens, Trepoli, Marseilles, Genoa, Malta, Naples and other Mediterranean ports. Three of the ships took part in the relief of the earthquake sufferers at Messina, and other Italian ports. It is expected that the ships will reach New York on Washington's birthday, after having circumnavigated the globe, a distance of more than 42,000 miles.

Cuban Election.—The general election held in Cuba on Nov. 14, last, resulted in the choice of the Liberals, Jose Miguel Gomes, president, and Alfreda Zayas, vice-president of the Cuban republic. Strong liberal majorities were also elected for the Senate and House of the national legislature. Gomez was a leader in the Cuban revolution, and was a candidate for election in 1905, but withdrew because he said it was impossible to conduct a campaign under existing conditions. This led to a rising, to the resignation of the late President Palma, and to the intervention of the United States, whose troops withdraw from the country and leave its government to the newly elected officers.

Fourth-class Postmasters Under Civil Service.—By an order from President Roosevelt, 4th class postmasters in the New England States, and in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan have been placed under civil service rules. Fifteen thousand officers are affected, and as many postmasters, who have heretofore been appointed by political preference, usually by grace of the state Representatives to Congress or by Senators, will hereafter, as vacancies occur, be appointed from eligible lists established after competitive examination by the Civil Service commission, and remain in office during efficiency and good behavior.

The Vote for Presidential Electors.—The popular vote for Presidential Electors is an interesting study. On account of each state electing its own electors it frequently happens that the electors are chosen by only a comparative small majority, or that a very large majority for electors from any state appears to be votes thrown away. In the last election the popular vote stood: Republican, 7,637,676; Democrats, 6,393,182; Socialist, 448,453; Prohibitionists, 241,252; Independence League, 83,186; People's Party, 33,871; Socialist Labor, 15,421. The Democratic vote was 1,315,211 larger than in 1904, while the Republican was 14,190 larger. The Populist and Prohibitionist votes were smaller, and the Socialist only a little larger than four years ago.

Pioneer Monument at Lehi.—Recently a pioneer monument was unveiled at Lehi, Utah. The movement for the erection of the monument was initiated by

school teachers of the district aided by the trustees, city council and a committee of citizens. A mass meeting was held on the 21st or April, 1908, at which a general committee was authorized to carry the idea into execution. The monument was designed by the Elias Morris & Sons Company, Salt Lake City, and was erected in time for dedication on Thanksgiving day, November 26, 1908. An appropriate program was prepared and rendered on the occasion at which speeches were made by leading citizens, with W. S. Evans master of ceremonies Mrs. A. Cox Hardwick, who was Lehi's first child, unveiled the monument, and Elder John Henry Smith offered the dedicatory prayer. David Evans was orator and among the speakers were John Henry Smith, T. R. Cutler, and Jacob Bushman. President Abel John Evans acted as master of ceremonies at the monument.

The monument is set on a cement foundation six by six feet and two feet deep. The base is composed of Utah granite and is four by four feet. The shaft, of Vermont granite, is sixteen inches at the base, eleven inches at the top and ten



The Pioneer Monument, Lehi, Utah.

feet high, making the total length of the monument sixteen feet. On the south side is a design of Fort Lehi and wall; in raised letters on the east side are the words "Fort Wall;" on the north side of the monument the following is engraved: "Lehi settled 1850; organized a ward 1861; David Evans first bishop, incorporated as a city February 5, 1852, Silas P. Barnes first mayor; erected 1908." On the east side in raised letters appear the words, "Lehi Pioneers." The total cost of the monument is \$650, and it is erected on the Primary School

grounds on the line of the old fort wall. The general committee on erection were: W. S. Evans, chairman; A. Fjeld, secretary; G. N. Child, treasurer; M. B. Bushman, A. B. Anderson. One of the creditable results growing out of the event was the adoption of a resolution to write a history of the settlement. The resolution was proposed by Hon. Abel John Evans.

President Castro Deposed.—President Castro after his trouble with Holland found his affairs in bad shape in Venezuela, and went to Europe intending ostensibly to raise funds. He met with failure, and his own people went against him. There were several riots, but finally acting President Gomez, on December 20, took possession of the government, arrested the conspirators, dismissed Castro's ministers, installed a new cabinet, and proclaimed his intention to enforce the constitution and the laws. He suspended the decree against commerce with Caracao which was the chief grievance of Holland which caused her to seize the Venezuelan ships and otherwise threaten Castro.

President Nord Alexis Deposed.—A periodical revolution in Haiti has been headed by General Antoine Simon who succeeded in deposing President Nord Alexis, who has tyrannized over the people for some years, and in proclaiming General Legitime the new president. President Nord with some money and personal belongings escaped from the rioting populace at Port au Prince on December 2. He took refuge on a French warship and narrowly escaped assassination. On December 17, General Simon was unanimously selected President of the Republic by the Haitian Congress, and took the oath of office on the 20th. The new government has been recognized by the United States. Says an American: "Of all the tragic and comic attempts to set up a civil order, Haiti presents the most grotesque example." Only four out of twenty-one rulers in Haiti's century of freedom, have served full terms.

The New Reign In China.—Pu Yi, the two-year-old Emperor of China, who succeeded to the throne on December 2, 1908, after the death of the recent thirty-six-year-old Emperor Kuang Tsu, November 14, and the seventy-four-year-old Dowager Empress, Tsu-hsi, the next day, November 15, will reign under the name of Hsuan-tung. Edicts were published on the day of his enthronement granting amnesty to certain offenders, and pledging the Emperor to carry out the program for the grant of a constitution at the end of nine years. Since then, however, it is reported that there is a reactionary movement in the government, and fears are expressed that the somewhat liberal and modern ideas of the late Dowager Empress by which the institutions of China were to be remodeled in accordance with Western ideas, will not be carried out by the present regime. Prince Chun is regent of the empire, and he was requested by the dying Dowager Empress to seek advice of the new Dowager Empress if serious questions should arise.

Closing Session of the 60th Congress.—The short session of the 60th Congress which must close before March 4, opened December 7, and the day fol-

lowing the president's message was received. Among the many recommendations made by him was one for more forcible laws regarding combinations of capital. He also urged that railways should be put entirely under the interstate commerce commission, and that telegraph and telephone companies in interstate business should also be under the jurisdiction of the commission. He also directed attention to the inadequate salaries of judges; to delays in the administration of justice; to the need of safeguards against the abuse of the power of injunction; to the duty of protecting the forests and improving the internal waterways; to the desirability of establishing postal savings-banks and extending the parcels-post on rural routes; and to the necessity of adding to the navy four first-class battleships.

The special session of the new Congress will likely begin about March 18. The terms of thirty senators expire March 4, but a number of these will have been re-elected, or new ones chosen by the opening of the special session.

The Earthquake in Italy.—The year 1908 closed with one of the greatest calamities in the modern history of the nations—the earthquakes, sea-waves, fire, and destruction of life and property in southern Italy, and the island of Sicily. The quake and sea-wave occurred in the early morning of December 28, 1908. Two large cities, Messina in Sicily, and Reggio in the province of Calabria, are reported, the first entirely and the second almost entirely, destroyed, and the damage to property and the destruction of life in many other cities are almost incalculable. It is reported that from 150,000 to 200,000 lives were lost, and many of the people died in fearful agonies amid the ruins of the cities. The ruins of Messina were razed to the ground and quicklime covered over them to prevent pestilence. This beautiful and historical city of 150,000 inhabitants thus became a mere burial mound, where 130,000 men, women and children found their sepulchre amid untold suffering and agony. The nations are offering such aid as can be given. Battleships are carrying food and supplies to the destitute. The United States leads in the work of succor. Congress appropriated \$800,000 for the relief of the sufferers, and eight of the battleships of the Atlantic fleet, then in the Mediterranean, were placed at the disposal of the relief authorities. Besides government aid, subscriptions were taken in all parts of our country, and the Red Cross organizations sent vast sums to the relief fund; the American Red Cross gave 1,538,509 lire; the California Red Cross \$10,000; New York branch, \$54,000, and John D. Rockefeller gave \$10,000. In many if not all the states contributions are received for the relief of the sufferers by popular subscription, Utah doing her share. On December 30, the following central committee appointed by Governor John C. Cutler, Governor-elect William Spry, and Mayor John S. Bransford, to solicit and receive contributions were named: William J. Halloran, Charles W. Nibley, P. A. Simpkins, Joseph E. Caine, Antonio Jachetta, Frank Lettieri and Moses Paggi. The Trustee-in-Trust for the Church contributed \$100 to head the list.

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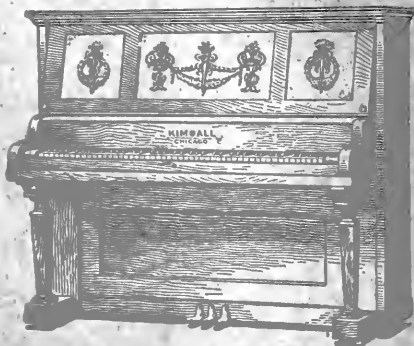
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